John O'Hara: a Reconsideration *Arthur Mizener*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts—November 11, 1972, 50 cents

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

Politics & the FBI

Walter Pincus

Vietnam Hanging Fire —*The Editors*

Kissinger's Course —*John Osborne*

After the Election —*Eliot Marshall*

C. Vann Woodward on Booker T. Washington
Stanley Kauffmann on Brecht to Music
Douglas Stewart on Televising America

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CONTEMPORARY CHRISTMAS CARDS

for readers of The New Republic by the cartoonists whose work appears regularly in our pages

Bill Mauldin **Robert Osborn** **Jules Feiffer**

Their drawings come in sturdy boxes of 12, for $6 (postage included). Each artist offers two cards. Please indicate the mix you desire. They will be mailed to you promptly.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th Street, N.W. Washington, D. C. 20036

Please send me:

- ☐ Boxes of Jules Feiffer (6 each of two designs) @ $6
- ☐ Boxes of Bill Mauldin (6 each of two designs) @ $6
- ☐ Boxes of Robert Osborn (6 each of two designs) @ $6
- ☐ Boxes of our selection of all three @ $6

Name _____

Address _____

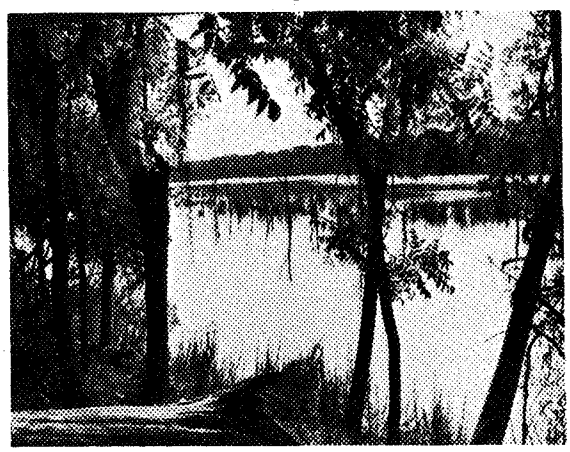
City _____

State _____ Zip _____

(No charge orders accepted.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We urgently need money to build absolutely nothing here.



Armand Bayou. A rare, untouched 3,000 acres we ask you to help us preserve. Because there can still be a wilderness, a place for nature — for peace and quiet — in the midst of one of the fastest growing metropolitan areas in our nation.

Armand Bayou is a living museum of our ecological past, now partially safe from bulldozers and civilization. The City of Pasadena, encouraged by conservation groups, is acquiring a part of the proposed park site with the help of matching funds from the Department of Housing and Urban Development. But Pasadena's 956 acres will not be enough to preserve the natural character of the bayou. More land is needed.

The next step in our 3,000-acre dream is to add an additional 450-acre tract as an interpretive nature study area and a native plant arboretum. Here in this living laboratory along the bayou, city-bred school children by the thousands will discover soft shell turtle, Louisiana heron, ringneck snake, devil's walking stick, and salt marsh morning glory. Here they will learn to love the natural world and understand from an early age the dependence of man on other living things.

Funds for the 450-acre arboretum will come from a one million grant from HUD

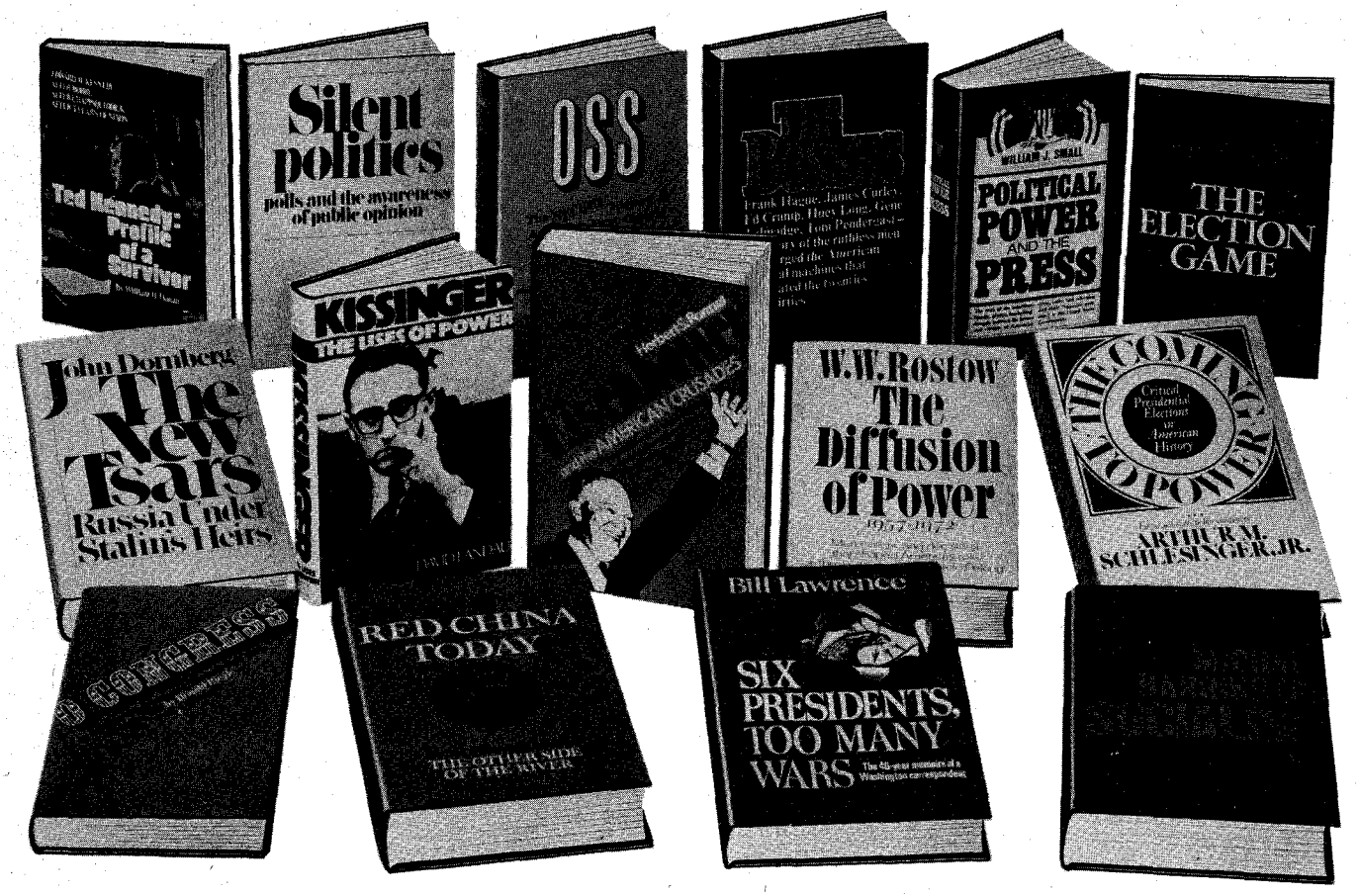
— IF matching private funds can be raised by December 1972.

Time is running out. Your help and financial support is desperately needed. Please send your tax exempt contribution today to Armand Bayou Fund.

Among the thousands who have endorsed the Armand Bayou project are the following: Congressman Bill Archer · Les Bennett · Bernard Bentch · Senator Lloyd Bentsen · State Senator Chet Brooks · Congressman Jack Brooks · Congressman Bob Casey · William W. Caudill Mr. and Mrs. John H. Cooper · Mr. and Mrs. J. Rorick Cravens · Miss Nina Cullinan · Mr. and Mrs. Tom Martin Davis Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Dexter · Mayor Clyde Doyal · Congressman Bob Eckhardt · County Judge Bill Elliot · Victor L. Emanuel Mr. and Mrs. A. V. Emmott · Mr. and Mrs. Albert B. Fay · Mr. and Mrs. Ernest B. Fay · The Most Rev. Patrick S. Flores · The Rev. William J. Fogleman · Dr. and Mrs. Robert R. Gilruth · Dr. and Mrs. Arthur S. Ginzbarg · Leroy Gloger · Mr. and Mrs. J. Kent Hackleman Andy L. Helms · Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hershey · Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby · Mr. and Mrs. William P. Hobby · Dr. and Mrs. Phillip G. Hoffman · Miss Ima Hogg · County Judge C. Ray Holbrook · Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Hooks, Jr. · Don Horn · Mr. and Mrs. Palmer Hutcheson, Jr. · Mrs. Ruth Jobes · Mr. and Mrs. John T. Jones, Jr. · State Senator Barbara Jordan · Rabbi Robert I. Kahn · Mr. and Mrs. Harris L. Kempner · Mr. and Mrs. David H. Knapp · Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Lanier · The Rev. Bill Lawson · Mr. and Mrs. S. M. McAshan Dr. and Mrs. Dan G. McNamara · Lawrence E. Marcus · S. R. (Buddy) Jones · Mr. and Mrs. George P. Mitchell · Mr. and Mrs. Harvin C. Moore · The Most Rev. John L. Morkovsky · Mr. and Mrs. Immanuel Olshan · Mr. and Mrs. Alvin M. Owsley, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Merrick W. Phelps · The Rt. Rev. J. Milton Richardson · Mayor M. L. Ross Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Sakowitz · Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Salls · Harold Scarlett · Rabbi Hyman Judah Schachtel · Mr. and Mrs. Pierre M. Schlumberger · State Senator A. R. Schwartz Mr. and Mrs. Russell L. Schweickart · Mr. and Mrs. Percy Selden · Mr. and Mrs. Dudley C. Sharp Jr. · The Rev. and Mrs. Benjamin H. Skyles · C. Cabanne Smith · Mr. and Mrs. David B. Smith · Mr. and Mrs. Frank C. Smith Jr. · Dr. Thomas M. Spencer · Mr. and Mrs. Harwood Taylor · Mrs. James A. Tinsley · Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Tobin · Senator John G. Tower · Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Turner · Dr. and Mrs. Frank E. Vandiver · Robert A. Vines · Mr. and Mrs. David B. Warren · Mayor Louie Welch · Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jackson Wray Mr. and Mrs. Newton Wray · Mrs. Frank Wozencraft · Maria E. Yramategui

Preservation of Armand Bayou Committee
P. O. Box 2000 Pasadena, Texas 77501 (713) 473-8090
A Public Service Advertisement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Which 3 of these 30 books on the important people, events, directions and disasters of our curious times have you missed? Choose any 3 now for only $1 each (values to $54.00) plus a free gift (worth $12.50)

as a member of The Library of Political Affairs

if you will join now and agree to accept only 3 more books in the next 12 months, at member discount prices.

73670. RED CHINA TODAY. *Edgar Snow.* **$20.00**

65170. O CONGRESS: A Young Congressman's Intimate Diary of Life on Capitol Hill. *Donald Riegle.* **$7.95**

79080. SOCIALISM. *Michael Harrington.* **$12.50**

82681. TED KENNEDY: Profile of a Survivor. *William H. Honan.* **$6.95**

42221. A DICTIONARY OF POLITICS. *Walter Laqueur.* **$14.00**

57290. KISSINGER: The Uses of Power. *David Landau.* **$5.95**

70041. THE PRESIDENTIAL CHARACTER. *James David Barber.* **$10.00**

53681. HOW THE GOVERNMENT BREAKS THE LAW. *Jethro K. Lieberman.* **$10.00**

69381. POLITICAL POWER AND THE PRESS. *William J. Small.* **$8.95**

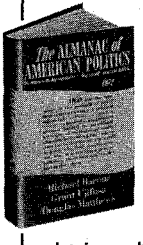
40740. COUNTER-REVOLUTION AND REVOLT. *Herbert Marcuse.* **$7.50**

74360. THE ROOTS OF WAR: The Men and Institutions Behind U.S. Foreign Policy. *Richard J. Barnet.* **$10.00**

58230. LET HISTORY JUDGE: The Origins and Consequences of Stalinism. *Roy A. Medvedev.* **$12.50**

84190. THIRTY YEARS OF TREASON: Excerpts from Hearings before the House Committee on Un-American Activities 1938-1968. *Eric Bentley.* **$20.00**

FREE gift if you act now:



ALMANAC OF AMERICAN POLITICS *Michael Barone, Grant Ujifusa* **$12.50.** One of the most useful references you can own on everybody who is anybody in the entire political scene. Rave reviews in all major media.

73710. REGULATING THE POOR. *Frances Fox Piven and Richard A. Cloward.* **$10.00**

69920. THE POLITICS OF UNREASON: Right-Wing Extremism in America, 1790-1970. *Seymour Martin Lipset & Earl Raab.* **$12.50**

50550. GREAT ISSUES OF INTERNATIONAL POLITICS. *Morton A. Kaplan.* **$12.50**

37940. CHINA AND RUSSIA: The Great Game. *O. Edmund Clubb.* **$12.95**

44060. THE ELECTION GAME. *Joseph Napolitan.* **$6.95**

36650. BOTH YOUR HOUSES: The Truth About Congress. *Warren Weaver, Jr.* **$7.95**

78360. SILENT POLITICS: Polls and the Awareness of Public Opinion. *Leo Bogart.* **$9.95**

43980. EISENHOWER AND THE AMERICAN CRUSADES. *Herbert S. Parmet.* **$12.95**

42241. THE DIFFUSION OF POWER. *W. W. Rostow.* The shaping of America's role from Sputnik to Peking. **$12.50**

39611. THE COMING TO POWER: Critical Presidential American Elections in American History. *Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.* **$12.50**

36750. THE BOSSES. *Alfred Steinberg.* The ruthless men who forged the machines that dominated the 20's and 30's. **$8.95**

55340. IN SEARCH OF NIXON. *Bruce Mazlish.* **$6.95**

(retail prices shown)

66490. OSS: The Secret History of America's First Central Intelligence Agency. *R. Harris Smith.* **$10.95**

78460. SIX PRESIDENTS, TOO MANY WARS: The 40 Year Memoirs of a Washington Correspondent. *Bill Lawrence.* **$8.95**

64551. THE NEW TSARS: Russia Under Stalin's Heirs. *John Dornberg.* **$10.00**

70110. POLITICAL HYSTERIA IN AMERICA. *Murray Levin.* **$8.50**

24000. THE SUPERLAWYERS: The Small and Powerful World of the Great Washington Law Firms. *Joseph C. Goulden.* **$8.95**

MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION

The Library of Political Affairs, Riverside, N.J. 08075 F-771

Upon acceptance of this order, please enroll me as a member and send my free copy of The Almanac of American Politics—plus the 3 books I have indicated. Bill me only $1 each, plus postage and handling. If not delighted, I will return all books within ten days and this membership will be cancelled.

As a member, I need accept only three more selections during the next *12 months at reduced member prices, plus postage and handling.* Savings range up to 30% and occasionally even more. I understand that I will receive free advance Reviews which fully describe each month's Main Selection and Alternates. If I wish the Main Selection, I need do nothing and it will be sent automatically. If I prefer an Alternate—or no book at all—I need only return the convenient reply card you send me by the date specified. Send no money. Members are billed when books arrive.

3 books for $1.00 each. (write in numbers)

_____ _____ _____

Name_____

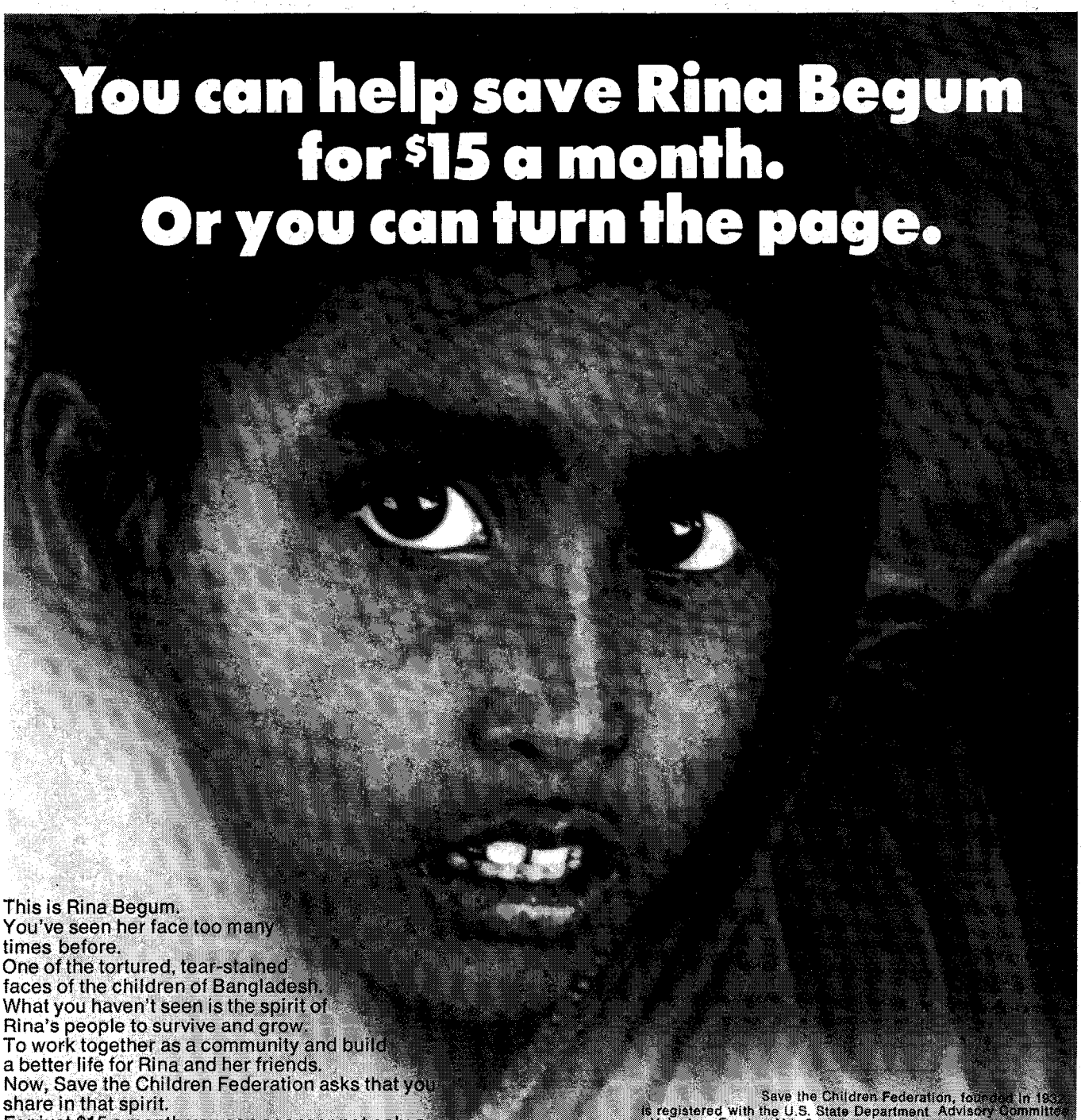
Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

(Offer good in Continental U.S. and Canada only. Prices slightly higher in Canada.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can help save Rina Begum for $15 a month. Or you can turn the page.



This is Rina Begum.
You've seen her face too many times before.
One of the tortured, tear-stained faces of the children of Bangladesh.
What you haven't seen is the spirit of Rina's people to survive and grow.
To work together as a community and build a better life for Rina and her friends.
Now, Save the Children Federation asks that you share in that spirit.
For just $15 a month you can sponsor not only a Bangladesh child like Rina, but *all* the children in her village of Syedbari.
How? By pooling your sponsorship money with that of sponsors from all parts of America.
To help give Rina and her friends warm clothing and adequate shelter and school supplies and medicines and hot lunches.
And help her community build schools for *all* the children, sink wells for clean water, dig irrigation canals to grow crops and increase incomes so that everyone will benefit.
For all the Rina Begums are what Save the Children is all about.
Helping children, families—indeed entire communities—to help themselves.
For you there are many rewards: a chance to correspond; receive photographs; and get progress reports on the child and the village. Above all, to know you are reaching out to other human beings.
That's how Save the Children works. But without you it can't work.
So please: clip this coupon and mail it today. Now you can turn the page.

Save the Children Federation, founded in 1932, is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Contributions are income tax deductible.

I want to sponsor a child and his ☐ her ☐ community.
My first choice is: ***Where the need is most urgent.*** ☐
☐ Domestic
(including Appalachia, Chicano, Indian, Inner Cities, Southern Black.)
☐ Overseas
(including Africa, Asia, Europe, Latin America, Middle East.)
Enclosed is my check for:
☐ $15 monthly ☐ $90 semi-annually
☐ $45 quarterly ☐ $180 annually
I know how important contributions are, so enclosed is my check for $_____.
☐ Please send more information.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

SAVE THE CHILDREN FEDERATION
345 East 46th Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

NR 11/11/2

LICENSED TO URZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington ®
November 11, 1972

Unfinished Business

America's unsolved social problems stand there like milk bottles on the steps of the White House, waiting for the next President to take them in. Only it's not milk in them. From inside each one comes a baleful ticking. Let's look at some of them.

• Right off, America faces a fiscal crisis. There have been three enormous deficits under Mr. Nixon and this year will bring a fourth; perhaps all told $100 billion in red ink. It is amazing how modest and reassuring the President has been about this. Indeed, when it suits him, he is one of the most reassuring men who ever sat in the White House. If Mr. Nixon had been captain of the *Titanic* he would have told the passengers not to worry, he was just stopping to take on ice. But the deficit icebergs are here now. What lifeboats do we use—taxes, retrenchment, inflation? Somebody must decide quick.

• There's the disparity of income in the United States, apparently getting worse. For the first time in history the deprived people seem to be aware of it. Too much looking at sleek TV commercials, maybe. A fourth of Americans either live below the official poverty line ($80 a week for a family of four) or slightly above it. Yes, one in four. It is hard to think of a greater element of social instability.

• Then there's race. Mr. Nixon has seemed willing to exacerbate this by exploiting the busing issue. Maybe we're wrong. Anyway, there's no question of the problem. Father Hesburgh is a responsible witness; he's president of Notre Dame and head of the US Commission on Civil Rights. In America's population he counts 22 million blacks, 12 million browns, a million yellows, and another million reds, plus variants —a total of 36 million, he says, or about one in six. The black slums are ringed by a white noose of suburbs. There's trouble ahead. We are at a "historic crossroads," he thinks. Which way are we going to go?

• And sooner or later we must come to terms with corporate concentration in America, a subject that has surfaced briefly but frequently in this election. We are dimly aware in the ITT case, and in the exchange of administration favors for corporate favors of some high powered off-stage string pulling. This is a subject in which it is wise to pick an impeccable authority. Ours is former Attorney General John Mitchell (spouse's name, Martha) who noted anxiously in a speech, June 6, 1969, that whereas the nation's 200 largest industrial corporations in 1948 controlled only 48 percent of the country's manufacturing assets, they *now* control 58 percent, and the consolidation is growing all the time: "The danger that this super-concentration poses to our economic, political and social structure cannot be over-estimated." What radical said that? Not TRB!

We could go on naming other domestic problems but we'll spare you. It seems a little unfair just as we're all sighing that, thank heaven, the election is over, and that it looks like a cease-fire in Vietnam, to have to wake up to the reality of all our domestic agonies. Why is it that our fantastic wealth doesn't spare us? We keep talking about GNP. That's "gross national product" and it's enormous, and it keeps getting bigger and it's beyond the dreams of Nineveh and Tyre, and we are told to be proud of it. In this materialistic civilization we worship God, and God's initials are GNP. But it doesn't seem to solve our problems of race, poverty and corporate monopoly.

Just a minor equalization of distribution of wealth and income in the United States would do a lot of good. Is it really necessary that the top five percent of the families get 20 percent of the income and the bottom 20 percent of the families get only five percent? Does it have to be that there are always about twice as many unemployed blacks as whites, or so Father Hesburgh says? Do taxes have to be written so that the poor pay relatively more than the affluent, and that loopholes are so wide that a gentleman farmer can get rich out of his tax "losses," and that Senator Eastland can thrive by not growing cotton?

It's not just the poor, it's the middle class that's affected, though they often spend so much time worrying about welfare chiselers and the impudence of the lower classes that they aren't aware of it. We get a lot of our inside dope from *The Wall Street Journal.* Here, for example, their report on a research study by Goldman Sachs, the securities house. The big Nixon deficits make a tax increase likely, says Goldman Sachs, and it sees a "great risk" that the burden will fall heavily on corporations. Why on corporations, you ask? Because, warns GS, recent federal tax cuts have helped corporations a lot more than individuals—the effective rate on corporate profits has fallen "significantly," and the relief to individuals "hasn't been nearly as sharp."

Here's another item from the *Journal:* US businessmen are shunning jobs in Canada. Why? Because Canada, it seems, has a different tax system. "Property taxes and mortgage interest aren't deductible as they are in the US; executives earning $25,000 to $50,000 a year pay 10 percent to 15 percent more of their gross income for taxes, a Toronto consultant figures."

Well, let's keep this uncomfortable kind of information secret; it might come to the ears of Congress and they might reform the US tax structure.

Some economists think that fairer distribution of income is just what the American economy must have; yes, it would send that GNP zooming. "Such a redistribution is needed if the US is to achieve full employment and a maximum use of our productive capacity," writes Maxwell Stewart, consultant of the middle-of-the-road Public Affairs Committee. Putting buying power into low-income families is like shoveling coal into a steam engine: "The most basic social challenge is that of increasing the buying power of the 20 to 25 million Americans who lack the money for decent housing or enough nutritious food." That was the conclusion, too, by the way, of the classic four-volume study by the Brookings Institution of the depression in the 1930s.

Note: Final quip heard at the National Press Club on 1972 election: If John Connally had been at the Alamo he would probably have organized a "Texans for Santa Anna" club.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 167, No. 18, Issue 3018, November 11, 1972. Published weekly (except the issues of January 1, July 29, August 12, August 26, and December 23, 1972) and distributed by* The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 50¢; Yearly subscriptions $15; Foreign $18; Armed Forces personnel or students, $10. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright 1972 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D.C. and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Reader's Guide.*

Contents

7-10 Comment
Vietnam Hanging Fire, Squeezing the Schools, Amtrak Offtrack
11 After the Election—*Eliot Marshall*
13 The Nixon Watch: Kissinger's Course—*John Osborne*
14 Politics and the FBI—*Walter Pincus*
18 Films—*Stanley Kauffmann*
19 TV—*Douglas J. Stewart*
20 Books—Reviews by *C. Vann Woodward, J. D. O'Hara, Calvin Bedient, John Russell*
27 Poem—*Jill Hoffman*
28 On Ezra Pound—*Reed Whittemore*
30 Reconsideration: John O'Hara—*Arthur Mizener*
32 Correspondence

The Staff

Editor-in-Chief—Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor—David Sanford
Literary Editor—Reed Whittemore
Associate Editors—John Osborne, Walter Pincus
Staff Writers—Thomas Geoghegan, Eliot Marshall
Assistant to the Editors—Gwen Somers
Assistant to the Literary Editor—Dianne Ferriss
Contributing Editors:
Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Donald Canty, Robert Coles, Joseph Featherstone, Doris Grumbach, Gerald W. Johnson, Peter J. Ognibene, John Seelye, Melville J. Ulmer, Allen S. Whiting, Paul R. Wieck
Films and Theater—Stanley Kauffmann
West Coast Editor—Peter Barnes
Production Manager—Mary Henninger
Assistant Production Manager—Ellen Cochran Hicks
Publisher—Robert J. Myers
Circulation Manager—Mary Kurtz
Business Manager—Pearl Wilmer Ramsey
Assistant Business Manager—Constance Cole Twining
New Republic Feature Syndicate—Elizabeth A. Scanlan
Advertising and Promotion—Ilene Briggin Kahane
Receptionist—Ruby McGowan

Vietnam Hanging Fire

These are days of suspense for anyone who is starved for peace, and even for someone like President Thieu who is not. What seemed to be a satisfying agreement on Vietnam was no sooner put on the table than it was removed: it was not quite done, it needed a few more hours in the oven. Mr. Kissinger acknowledged that there had been a meeting of minds in Paris on the assumption that Washington and Hanoi spoke for their respective partners. That proved true of Hanoi, but the delay in signing an accord suggests it was not true for Washington, which last week was still trying to get its Saigon ducks in a row. Whatever may be served up, Thieu says he won't have it and he defies Washington to force-feed him. The blustering in Saigon is distracting but need not be conclusive. Thieu may block a quick political settlement with the NLF, but he could not block a determination by the US and Hanoi that US forces and American POWs will leave Vietnam within 60 days after an accord is signed. And Thieu can't for long run a war on his own; without the US, which provides air support, military supplies, food and the salaries of his army and his police, he is only one of many Vietnamese politicians, indeed less than some of them. Moreover, it is not only the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese who say there can be no peace while Thieu is in charge; that is the view of a large number of non-Communists in the South, many of whom Thieu has jailed *because* it is their view. What now remains to be seen, therefore, is whether the White House has at last decided to subordinate the interests of Thieu to the interests of the US, and will no longer shore up a regime whose own narrow foundation could never support it. The postponements and the Pentagon's rush delivery of military supplies in recent weeks cast some doubt on whether that question has yet been answered in the affirmative.

Mr. Kissinger has made much of the claim that the breakthrough in negotiations came on October 8 when, for the first time, the North was willing to separate military from political issues. There has been some shift in Hanoi's position, but the separation is not clear-cut, and it occurred before October 8; it was present in the NLF's seven-point program put forward in Paris on July 1, 1971 and subsequently endorsed by Hanoi and by Peking. The NLF proposed at that time that all US and allied prisoners of war be released by the end of 1971, contingent on the withdrawal of US forces by that date, and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

that a cease-fire go into effect "as soon as the parties reach an agreement" on withdrawal. Five days later, a North Vietnamese official added that the offer to return the POWs did not depend on a political settlement in South Vietnam, which would be left to the NLF and the Saigon government to work out later. All these points are roughly paralleled in the terms outlined by Mr. Kissinger on October 26.

The July 1971 Vietcong formula did pose the condition that the US "cease backing the bellicose group headed by Nguyen Van Thieu . . . and stop all maneuvers, including tricks in elections, aimed at maintaining" Thieu in power. That condition was tailored to Hanoi's hope that Mr. Nixon would make use of South Vietnam's October 1971 elections to disengage honorably from the war, consistent with his repeated commitment to Vietnamese self-determination. A year ago he could have permitted, if not quietly encouraged, the Vietnamese people to displace Thieu through elections whose relative honesty only the US could ensure. That way out was rejected in Washington; and of course it was rejected by Thieu, who turned his propaganda and police loose on his opponents and ended up as the only presidential candidate.

There is nothing new either in the current pledge by both sides to try to avoid a "bloodbath." The Communists have long been preoccupied with this danger, for it has been their belief that, following a cease-fire, the NLF has most to fear from political retaliation. This possibility occupied a particularly salient position (.2B) in their proposal of July 1971, the first sentence of which called on the parties "to take concrete measures with the required guarantees so as to prohibit all acts of terror, reprisal and discrimination against persons having collaborated with one or the other party." Similarly, the willingness to work out means whereby neither the NLF nor the Saigon regime could dominate any transitional, tripartite administration in the South is not something born of Mr. Kissinger's recent round of secret talks. NLF leaders have as much reason to worry about potential Saigon domination of a transitional authority as Mr. Thieu has reason to fear its domination by the Communists.

But it is precisely the composition, duties and powers of this interim "administration structure" in the South (to be called a Council of National Reconciliation and Concord) which are left ambiguous in the current plan, and it is an ambiguity which presumably worries Thieu. It ought also to worry Thieu's opponents. For as described by Mr. Kissinger, the "administrative structure" (we must not use the word "coalition") that somehow will come into being following the cease-fire, would have on it representatives of Thieu, the NLF and the "neutralists" (half of them appointed by Thieu, half by the NLF), but it is given only advisory authority. All its "decisions" must be unanimous, which would seem to assure its impotence. It would have no troops at its disposal, no effective right to adjudicate between competing claims. Furthermore, nothing in the Hanoi-Washington agreement as publicized would instruct Thieu to set free non-Communist, anti-Thieu politicians whose presence in any three-tier "administrative structure" could be vital. Real power would remain with those who exercise military control in this or that hamlet or province. North Vietnamese troops would not be obliged to pull back (though Mr. Kissinger hopes for at least token withdrawal), and Thieu makes quite a point of this, though the military-police forces of the Saigon government are incontestably greater in numbers and equipment. Secretary Laird said last week that they "are in a very good position," whereas the widely dispersed North Vietnamese are "vulnerable."

The vague, veto-ridden Council of Reconciliation and Concord is to have responsibility (along with two sets of military commissions!) for supervising the cease-fire, and is to plan (if that is the right word) for new elections. What this might mean in practice is not apparent. For, to repeat, the tentative accords provide that the political future of the South is to be decided not by any such tripartite council, but by consultation between the present Saigon government and the National Liberation Front. If they are not able to agree, they may resume the fighting, but meanwhile the American military and prisoners of war would have got out of their way.

Now, this is not exactly how the White House has described the situation, and we do not say that in any critical spirit. Whatever the nature of the agreement reached, it must be seen to represent Mr. Nixon's "best hope for lasting peace," and so it must be loaded with Western gimmicks—two-power, four-power, three-tier, international monitors, custodians, guarantors. The gimmicks might work, but whether they do or don't, public relations requires that any coverup for US withdrawal be as concealing as the fig leaves in the Vatican museum. Once the US has departed, it is not likely to return; we would then face a new situation, one that's beyond our control. If the cease-fire or the anticipated political negotiations break down, we shall regret it, but we shall at least have the lesser satisfaction of knowing that the Vietnamese on their own cannot tear themselves and their country apart with anything like American efficiency.

For this country, withdrawal promises release from a decade of brutalizing bondage; what has been wasted can never be recovered or justified. For the South Vietnamese, a cease-fire promises something safer than daily bombing. For the North, in the absence of a political settlement and in the absence of any agreement for the release of prisoners held in Thieu's jails, a cease-fire and withdrawal offer the hope that when the Americans have gone home, Thieu will fall and that his collapse will trigger a new alignment of political forces. It is not an unrealistic hope.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Squeezing the Schools

The revenue sharing bill signed by Mr. Nixon in Philadelphia has more small print than the federal tax code. Local governments for instance can use funds only for "priority expenditures." Operating revenues for city schools don't count as "priority expenditures," though a locality can spend all the shared money it wants on putting greens. To the bill's sponsors, Russell Long and Wilbur Mills, the administrative beauty of revenue sharing is that it distributes its block grants to meet only operating expenses of what are called "general purpose" governments. Schools obviously have operating expenses, but school district boards, not city governments, raise the revenues; so school districts are "*single* purpose" governments.

The administration has an alibi for the exclusion of schools from revenue sharing. It has a "special revenue sharing package" just for schools, which it says liberal Democrats and the education lobbies killed in the 92nd Congress. The special "package" was all gift wrapping. It would merely have supplanted existing programs under Title I, II and III of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act (ESEA), and committed less than $2 billion to program categories for which Congress has already authorized $12 billion (though far less than that has been appropriated). By vetoing four of the last six education appropriation bills, the President has held ESEA spending well under $2 billion.

Only in the past few years has federal aid become financially significant to public education. Though representing only seven percent of the $42.5 billion spent on public schools in 1970-1971, this aid (especially the ESEA aid) has been a major item for poorer schools in urban areas. The "big six" cities in New York state, for example, contain 39 percent of all student enrollment, but over 90 percent of all children of welfare recipients. These cities are heavily dependent on the rate of expansion of Title I grants, which give financial assistance to local education agencies for the education of children from low-income families. In its complicated way, general revenue sharing has the power to aggravate the crisis. To understand why, we must understand the tremendous political pressures to cut the property tax, especially in outrageously overtaxed towns like Newark, New Jersey. Once the mayors read the fine print of the distribution formulae, they will discover that revenue sharing penalizes any cut in unpopular municipal taxes. There is no penalty for cutting school levies, and any tax revolt in the cities will probably take its revenge on the local school district.

Revenue sharing is here to stay—a massive $32 billion five-year automatic appropriation which neither the White House nor the Congress can touch. That means any money for ESEA in the next federal budget will have to be sliced from a smaller pie, one that may get even smaller if the President tries to put off tax increases. Should Mr. Nixon's "special" revenue sharing go through, federal aid to schools would be an easy target at OMB. By destroying many programs on which various education lobbies feed, it will blunt the efforts of pressure groups pumping for federal aid to, say, the handicapped or for bilingual education. At the local level, most special revenue sharing funds would go into teachers' salaries, not special classroom equipment or special remedial programs.

While trying to scuttle ESEA, the administration has been lavish in its praise of social science data banks. With White House backing, Senator Prouty (R, Vt.) pushed hard for the creation of the National Institute of Education, in which research would not so much supplement categorical aid as suspend it. The recent findings of Christopher Jencks have given Prouty and the White House their best ammunition. "There are so many things we don't know about how children learn," goes the line, never made too explicit, "that federal aid is a waste of money." To the cost-benefit analysts of the OMB, a Title I is all cost and no benefit.

Part of the trouble is that liberals in Congress have yet to conceptualize, much less quantify the benefits of poverty aid to city schools. As William Gorham, a former assistant secretary of HEW wrote for *Public Interest* in 1967: "What is it that we want to measure? Should we test the children to see whether their reading comprehension, or their arithmetic achievement, has improved faster than would have been expected? Should we ask them whether they liked school any better or felt more confident of their abilities? Shall we wait and see whether they drop out of school less frequently, commit fewer crimes as teenagers, or go in greater proportions to college? Or shall we wait a decade or two and see how much they earn as adults, and whether, in fact, the cycle of poverty has been broken?"

For the moment, liberals need only say that to do research well requires a political commitment to social action experiments like Title I at a decent level of funding. It is not a commitment this administration has been willing to make.

Amtrak Offtrack

Nationalization is an ugly word in America, so it is always awkward for Congress when private industry that serves a basic public need tries to commit suicide. The idea behind Amtrak is to "nationalize" the management of passenger trains without changing ownership of the assets. That makes Amtrak what Frank Norris might have called an octopus without tentacles. But somehow more and more people are finding their

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

way back to the railroad terminals. At the end of its first shakedown year Amtrak can report a healthy 13 percent increase in riders.

Before Congress moved to salvage passenger trains, the Interstate Commerce Commission had let the railroads cut service, degrade equipment and liquidate capital assets so that railroad trustees might satisfy the bondholders of the companies they serve. That was not good for Congress; it did not want to keep subsidizing a management that had a better grasp of bankruptcy law than the law of supply and demand. If the old managers served the equity of the bondholders, so Congress reasoned, the new Amtrak managers would serve the interest of . . . well, at least, Congress. Congressmen like passenger trains running through their districts. Senators Mansfield and Magnuson have kept a long-haul passenger train moving on nothing but red ink between Chicago and Seattle. Amtrak runs a whole roster of intercity pairs that will never make a dime, and Congress adds more all the time. Representative Jake Pickle (D, Tex.) wanted to authorize a new passenger route to Laredo; he got it by piggybacking his route on a new intercity service to Vancouver and Montreal, which went down well in Vermont as well as Texas.

Traffic on the electrified Metroliners in the Washington-New York corridor has gone up a whopping 60 percent since May 1971. But since it is having to operate on a shoestring, Amtrak does not plan any further electrification. So far, Amtrak has had a struggle just to clean up the old equipment and see that occasionally the trains run on time.

By definition, nothing is simple for Amtrak. There were few decent passenger cars the first year, since the railroads had let them deteriorate for 15 years. Then Amtrak had to integrate the operations of 13 different national carriers into a unified system without owning the railroad business. "We've entered into contracts with honorable people," Amtrak president Roger Lewis told a Senate committee, but Amtrak can control only the quantity, not the quality of its service. The reason why is that Amtrak pays the railroads on a cost-plus basis to operate the trains. The railroads (those "honorable people") have a strong incentive to maximize cost of passenger trains, simultaneously maximizing the revenues of their own freight trains. Their contracts with Amtrak have no on-time standards and no penalty provisions. The contracts provide only that the railroads "give appropriate recognition to the importance of on-time passenger operations . . . and . . . shall make every reasonable effort" to maintain schedules.

Amtrak is not likely to take the railroads to court to enforce this vague understanding. Three railroad presidents sit on its board of directors. The railroads own all the common stock that Amtrak has to offer, though apparently they won't have a crack at the preferred issues.

The railroad people also own Amtrak's rails, and because they dislike seeing their own freights derailed, they try to keep the tracks safe. But they are under no great pressure to maintain them at the level of comfort and speed necessary for good turbo service. Only a trickle of federal money goes into upgrading roadbeds. If Amtrak does upgrade tracks someday, the question arises: who has the right of way? Responding to Amtrak's last plea for emergency funds, Congress wrote into law its "preference" for passenger trains over freight trains, a preference that Amtrak negotiators were not able to slip into the original contracts. But a better idea, proposed by Sen. Lowell Weicker (R, Conn.), is to nationalize the track bed and treat it as if it were interstate highway. Then Congress could decide which trains could sidetrack which trains and which should bear the cost of track maintenance. So far Amtrak has just been lucky that it does not field enough trains, even in the Eastern corridor, to interfere seriously with freight service.

The railroads are not able to take over Amtrak, but they can make life tough on its customers. Amtrak won't have a nationwide computerized reservation service of its own until 1974: the railroads still sell Amtrak's tickets for them, even at the Metroliner desk in New York and Washington. Senator Vance Hartke, chairman of the subcommittee on surface transportation, complains that most customers don't know where to call or how to make a reservation, and with the railroad companies running over 350 Amtrak ticket offices, there are bound to be inconveniences. Amtrak has the perfect bureaucratic out: "They aren't our people." To its credit, however, Amtrak has drafted 1200 union employees into special "sensitivity" courses, but it will be a long time before Amtrak has a labor force of its own. Many union men want to hang onto the seniority they've piled up with their old employers, the railroad.

Rail transportation has no sex appeal, the administration seems to believe, unless it comes all souped up like Japan's (nationalized) Tokaido line. But that would call for money, and money is what Amtrak is short of. There's nothing immoral, Sen. Hartke says, about federal aid: the government spends $500 million a year on subsidies to the merchant marine.

Amtrak has a shrewd team of executives, except at the top. President Lewis, the administration appointee, came to public railroad, it is said, only after he finished running General Dynamics into the ground. Senator Weicker once demanded that he resign. Recently, when Congress gave him $57 million more than the administration wanted, Lewis told the press Amtrak had no use for the money! "Half the people who work here," one executive said, "know where they want to go but don't know much about trains. The other half understand trains but don't know where they want to go." The OMB has tried to slice Amtrak's budget

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

so thin that the corporation would have no assets left when it reaches the end of its "experimental phase" after fiscal 1973.

Even so, locked in the clutch of decrepit equipment, harassed by railroads that don't care about passengers, Amtrak's managers have had a strong first year. With the right public support, some at Amtrak think they can run a better railroad than the Europeans or the Japanese. There are plans for an American version of Eurailpass. The one clear chance for black ink is high-speed commuter service for the Eastern corridor and the Chicago hub. Trains don't have to travel at 300 mph to find a public. To double Amtrak's business, a Harris survey reports, only four out of 100 Americans need to pick up the train habit.

Trains have many advantages over planes, especially on short intercity runs: no expensive commute from the airport, ease of movement, less pollution and more personal freedom on board. To compete with the bus, all Amtrak has to do is standardize the fares and then run with ease and on time. If they can fight free of railroad company domination, the railroads have a future.

After the Election

Nothing is deader than a campaign scandal after the election; that's what many people, including newsmen, say about this summer's burglary of Democratic headquarters. The editor of *The Washington Post* will keep his reporters actively researching the incident in the winter months, but unless they stumble onto something extraordinary, the controversy is likely to drop out of sight until the government begins its prosecution of the seven men accused of plotting the bugging-and-burglary raid. And then what? Some think the Watergate scandal will be opened up at last, or closed down for good, once the trial begins next January 8. The administration is in the second category, arguing that the accused men, though financed by Republican money, acted completely without authority when they undertook the raid. This assumes that the Watergate seven did not mention their plans to their bosses in the White House even though it was a dangerous job, and that they were nothing worse than zealous fools. There's an equally blind hope that the trial will release a flood of evidence that will eventually implicate the President. Both expectations are over optimistic.

In the first place, the Watergate trial could be aborted on technical grounds, and the desired information never released. The indicted men might change their pleas to guilty, and shut down the trial immediately, though the attorney for the men arrested inside the Democratic offices says this will not happen. On the contrary, he says, his clients will plead innocent and he will challenge each piece of government evidence to see whether it has been "obtained by constitutional means." The Ellsberg trial was abandoned when the government preferred not to reveal how it had eavesdropped on one of the witnesses. Is it possible that such a blunder has been made in the Watergate case? Even if the prosecution doesn't run afoul of technical snags, it will limit itself to the narrow task of showing that the indicted men conspired to break into, burgle and bug the Democratic offices, and no more. It will not examine the broader questions of why they conspired or who paid for it.

Aware of these limitations, the Democratic National Committee (DNC) has filed its own civil suit against the Republicans, naming as defendants the Committee to Reelect the President, the Republican finance committee, finance chairman Maurice Stans, former treasurer Hugh Sloan and the Watergate seven. In a class action, it seeks $3.2 million in damages for the invasion of privacy of all who spoke in the offices or on the phones of the Democratic Committee between March 1 and June 17, 1972. Stans and Sloan are cited as paymasters of the Watergate raid.

The success of this suit depends heavily on the outcome of the January 8 trial, which is expected to last at least a month, delaying the DNC civil suit until sometime next spring. The lawyers for the DNC need a conviction on the criminal charges to make their case stick, for without it, their suit will be hard to justify. Even if the government wins its case, the DNC lawsuit will be strictly confined to three proofs: 1) that the accused did in fact overhear private conversations, 2) that their espionage was approved by Republican finance chairman Stans and former treasurer Sloan, and 3) that the bugged conversations were transcribed and distributed to other Republicans, probably in the White House.

In legal terms, the Democrats may claim damages of $100 for each "intercept" (each bugged conversation) and another $100 for each person who received a transcribed copy of a conversation. These specific claims, and the question of who paid for the break-in, allow the DNC lawyers to ask high Republicans for some details, but not many. The lawyers are not likely, for example, to bring up the broader issue of sabotage, the reported meddling in Democratic campaigns by Donald Segretti, Segretti's association with the White House. There simply isn't enough evidence to widen the suit this far. The evidence may not even be sufficient to win the case they have filed, but it will at least allow them to quiz Republican potentates, which is the real purpose of the lawsuit.

Florida States Attorney Richard Gerstein began his own investigation into transactions in Miami related to the Watergate break-in on July 1. He tried to learn how $25,000 traveled from the account of Minnesota

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

banker Dwayne Andreas to Republican fund-raiser Kenneth Dahlberg, and through Dahlberg, Stans and Sloan to its final resting place in the account of Bernard Barker—one of the men arrested inside the Watergate. Barker was accused and convicted November 1 of illegally using his power as a notary to certify Dahlberg's endorsement of the $25,000 check. The larger question Gerstein hoped the trial would answer, which remains unanswered, is how much do Stans and Sloan know about this transfer of funds which they authorized. It is a doubly dangerous question, because the Andreas check was not only given to one of the Watergate raiders, but it was handled by Republican financiers in an irregular, possibly illegal manner. The Miami investigation has come to a temporary standstill; Barker was handed a suspended sentence of 60 days, and the prosecutor was never given a chance to question Maurice Stans.

Senator Edmund Muskie (D, Me.) briefly considered suing the Committee to Reelect the President for damage done to his primary campaign. Muskie has reported at least a dozen major incidents of sabotage, possibly engineered by the Republican "offensive security" team. The most publicized of these was the "canuck letter" printed in the *Manchester Union Leader*, which proved to be a forgery. Muskie decided not to sue because he believes the DNC lawsuit and congressional investigations will turn up more information than he could. More importantly, Muskie doesn't want to pay for a lawsuit if the same information can be uncovered through public inquiry.

The only remaining attempt to expose Republican campaign methods through the courts is being financed by the "citizens lobby," Common Cause. In February its chairman John Gardner asked all federal candidates to comply with the spirit of the new campaign law and make public the donations they received before April 7, 1972. All the presidential candidates cooperated, except for Senator Henry Jackson and Representative Wilbur Mills (Democrats whose campaigns fizzled early) and Richard Nixon. The President refused to disclose his pre-deadline resources, estimated by Common Cause to amount to $10 million. After trying several times to persuade the Nixon committee to reveal its hidden contributions, Gardner decided to file civil suit on September 6. His case was strong. On October 31, Nixon's committee agreed to a court settlement on part of the request; it would reveal all gifts of more than $100 given between January 1, 1971 and March 9, 1972. Those given between March 10 and April 7, 1972 will still be kept secret until the court decides in favor of Common Cause or the Republicans.

Filing civil suits is a costly, tedious way of getting at the truth; the DNC and Common Cause wouldn't take the trouble if they had faith in the Justice Department's handling of campaign corruption. They have reason to be disappointed. By September 6, Common Cause had reported 286 violations of campaign law to the Justice Department. The General Accounting Office on August 26 and October 6 reported more than a dozen "apparent violations" of campaign funding law by Republicans and Democrats. These were said to be major breaches of the law; the Justice Department has received over 700 complaints of lesser importance since April 7. So far it has moved to prosecute only one case, involving a "Committee to Impeach the President." A spokesman said the complaints are "under review," but department policy forbade him to say whether the FBI has been asked to investigate.

While the civil suits drag on, more promising investigations are being planned on Capitol Hill. The House Banking and Currency Committee, chaired by Rep. Wright Patman (D, Tex.), has already taken a crack at the Republicans, issuing two reports since August that describe in detail some GOP money-collecting methods. The latest report, issued a week before the election, showed that the Committee to Reelect the President accepted $305,000—its largest single contribution—from a Texan who owes the government $1.3 million for a bank that failed. The report implies that he doesn't intend to pay the debt. In his message to other committee members, Patman said that he will press for continuing the investigation of Republican finances, "accompanied by public hearings at the earliest possible moment." Patman's attempt to open hearings and subpoena evidence before the election failed by a vote of 20-15.

The toughest investigation into the Watergate break-in, the sabotage campaign and their financing will take place in Senator Kennedy's subcommittee on administrative practice and procedure. As chairman, he has the power of subpoena, and there's only one man on the committee who will oppose the investigation—Senator Edward Gurney (R, Fla.). Even the Southern conservative Strom Thurmond (R, SC), one of three Republicans on the committee, said he wanted to learn the facts about the Watergate scandal. Kennedy has begun to subpoena evidence for a long, thorough inquiry that will probably conclude with public hearings. Chief counsel James Flug says it will be a "lawyerly procedure . . . not as flashy as some other hearings." The Kennedy review will focus on the Justice Department's role in the Watergate and related incidents. It will ask how well the anti-bugging laws are being enforced, whether the FBI was given a free hand to investigate all leads, and whether the press was accurate in reporting that Donald Segretti was told how to answer grand jury questions by government officials. Kennedy's staff has not conferred with Patman's to mark out territory, but every sign indicates that Kennedy intends to make his report the final authority on the Watergate.

Eliot Marshall

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Nixon Watch

Kissinger's Course

It has been Richard Nixon's war since 1969 and it will be his settlement if Henry Kissinger turns out to have been right when he said in the White House press room on October 26, in a voice charged with pride and emotion, that "peace is at hand." The official accounts of the preliminaries to the settlement predicted by Kissinger make it evident that it has been the President, not his assistant for national security affairs, who has decided what to concede and what to hold out for at every step of the current approach to a condition that may pass, at least for awhile, as peace in Indochina. But the attitudes and the world view of Henry Kissinger, meshing as they have in unique accord with the President's equivalent attitudes and view, have contributed immensely to American policy in Indochina and Vietnam during the Nixon time. Here, derived from the incomplete public and private record, is a brief review of Kissinger's contribution to the course that may in some part be called his course.

There are indications that Kissinger misread the minds of both President Thieu in Saigon and President Nixon in Washington during the critical private negotiations in Paris from October 8 through October 11. Kissinger spoke later of "the risks that were involved" when, in order to seize the promise of a settlement that might slip away, he accepted Hanoi's revised proposals as the working basis for "at least the outline of an agreement" and, as he tacitly acknowledged, gave his North Vietnamese friend and antagonist in secret negotiation since 1969, Le Duc Tho, reason to believe that the draft completed on October 11 was in effect a final agreement that the US and North Vietnamese governments were pledged to sign before or by October 31. The risk that President Thieu would balk at the provisions for a cease-fire and a political settlement proved to be more thoroughly justified than Kissinger anticipated. A further impression that Kissinger also and knowingly risked exceeding the bounds of concession that President Nixon would tolerate is supported by the Hanoi assertion that the President in a message to Premier Pham Van Dong "raised a number of complex points" that would have to be cleared up while Kissinger and Tho were still working out the agreement. It was then, I suspect, that Kissinger learned for keeps that, as he later said in reference both to the October draft and to the changes he soon found to be required, "we would have to discuss anything that was negotiated (in Paris) first in Washington and then in Saigon." It appears, in short, that the difficulties that infuriated Hanoi and frustrated the intention to sign by October 31 were not due solely to President Thieu.

Kissinger said on the 26th that his announcement of imminent peace and his discussion of the October draft had no connection with the November 7 presidential election. He insisted that "we were prepared to keep this whole agreement secret until it was consummated" and that he would not have been discussing it "had Hanoi not revealed . . . the substance of the agreement." Kissinger's known though unstated theory that Hanoi expected Richard Nixon to be reelected and figured it could get more concessions before the election than it might get afterward is probably sound. His claim that he was discussing the October agreement and explaining the delay only because and after Hanoi had revealed the gist of the draft elides the facts. Hanoi broadcast its summary of the October draft at 1 am on the 26th, Washington time. *The New York Times* of the 26th was out by 10 pm of the previous evening with an authoritative and substantially accurate summary of the draft. The White House story is that the *Times*' information "came from Paris." Some of it did. Some of it came from various Washington sources. Some of it, including the basis for the language that gave the *Times* account its authoritative tone, came from Kissinger.

Hanoi's account of the October negotiations suggests that Kissinger might have popped up in Hanoi if all had gone as he hoped. Kissinger understood all along that Secretary of State William P. Rogers would have the ceremonial honor of signing a final agreement. A more important act is the initialing of an agreement, signifying that it has been concluded and accepted by the parties to it. The North Vietnamese account said it was agreed that "the two parties would initial the text of the agreement in Hanoi" and sign it later in Paris. There could be no more fitting reward to Henry Kissinger for his efforts over nearly four years to frame negotiable terms than the assignment to initial the result of his endeavors in Hanoi.

Hanoi claimed, and Kissinger gladly granted the truth of the claim, that the North Vietnamese proposal submitted to him on October 8 broke the long deadlock and made "at least the outline of an agreement" possible. But the key elements of the Hanoi proposal and of the agreed draft that resulted from it are foreshadowed in the proposals that President Nixon has been making since May 14, 1969, and in Kissinger's explanations and justifications of them. In June of 1969, for example, Kissinger discussed "mixed commissions" as possible alternatives to the kind of "imposed" government that Mr. Nixon has said he would never foist upon South Vietnam. The three-party Council of National Reconciliation proposed by Hanoi and agreed to by the US is such a body. Although Kissinger says now that this council would have no sovereign powers, he made a great point in 1969 of the prospect that the supervision of national elections, one of the duties assigned to the proposed council, would require a substantial transfer of power from the in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cumbent government to the supervisory body.

Kissinger never wavered from his assertions of belief, first made in 1969, that "sooner or later this war is going to be settled through negotiations." He thought then that productive negotiation and a settlement would come in that year or in 1970 at the latest. Proven wrong then, he has maintained ever since that it would come eventually and very suddenly, after a fierce display of force such as the Tet attacks in 1968 or the North Vietnamese offensive last spring. "I've always believed," he said in 1969, "that Hanoi would maintain an implacable ferocity until just before they agreed to a settlement."

As any person of his sophistication must, Kissinger has understood throughout the Nixon period but has never said that the President's repeated commitment to accept and live with *any* result of national elections in South Vietnam removed the original excuse for US intervention there. The excuse was that a Communist rule of South Vietnam would endanger US security and therefore must be prevented. In 1969, soon after Mr. Nixon first made the pledge, Kissinger was asked whether he and the President were saying that the US would accept the outcome of an election won by the South Vietnamese Communists. "Yes," he answered, "we have said that and we are committed to it." When he was confronted with the general impression that any negotiated election would be rigged against the Communists, he answered that "we make no assumption that the Saigon government is bound to win this election and that the Communists are bound to be a minority." But he has always evaded invitations to spell out the logical conclusion. When he was asked in 1970 whether the administration then considered the preservation of a non-Communist government in Saigon to be essential to US security, he repeated the Nixon-Kissinger cliché to the effect that "this administration will abide by the political decisions of the South Vietnamese people."

One of the intriguing indications that Kissinger's private views do not invariably conform to the official view he usually expresses is his frequent description of the Vietnam war as "a civil war." The official view since the late 1950s has been that it is not a civil war but a war between two sovereign and separate nations, the one an invader and the other invaded. When a reporter called his attention to this unorthodox contradiction in 1970, he hastily said that it was a civil war "with support from the outside." Afterward, in informal discussions, he resumed his references to "a civil war."

Kissinger's readiness to accept all the hazards and complexities of the kind of "cease-fire in place" now proposed for South Vietnam, and the fact that it amounts to fragmentary partition, dates back to 1969. He said then that some such arrangement didn't strike him as "a preposterous idea" and he has been working toward it ever since.

Note: The 1969-70 transcripts of Kissinger "background" sessions quoted in this piece are liberally cited and quoted by David Landau in his current *Kissinger* (Houghton Mifflin; $5.95).

John Osborne

The Gray Area

Politics and the FBI

by Walter Pincus

J. Edgar Hoover was petty, irascible and occasionally irrational, but given the Watergate bugging, allegations of Republican campaign sabotage and political manipulation of the FBI, the country would be better off if the old man were alive. For there would be no doubt who was in charge, and had been for 48 years. *His* first loyalty was not to the White House but to the agency he commanded.

It would have been difficult under any circumstances to replace Hoover. Some defended the interim choice of L. Patrick Gray III, an old political friend of Mr. Nixon's, as necessary to guard the famous FBI files until November 7, after which the President, his mandate renewed, would find a more competent director. That defense missed the central point: a national police with the power and prestige of the FBI should not, even temporarily, be or seem to be available for partisan use.

The politicizing of the FBI can be detected in Gray's barnstorming the country at the height of the cam-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

paign, making speeches pushing the administration line, if not Mr. Nixon himself. In Spokane, Washington, referring to the crime rate, he talked of "sober optimism." In Butte, Montana, discussing federal budget allocations, he lashed at "those who claim that our national priorities are distorted away from the individual." At a convention in Washington, DC, he said of a possible Nixon involvement in the Watergate bugging and burglary: "It strains the credulity that the President of the United States—if he had a mind to—could have done a con job on the whole American people." In short, Mr. Gray performed as a political surrogate, though not blatantly. When it was pointed out that his predecessor refrained from public speaking during campaigns, Mr. Gray's aides argued that the speeches were in the line of duty: Gray was touring bureau field offices to get to know his agency's employees and operations.

It is a weak defense. *Time* magazine has disclosed that 21 FBI field offices in 14 key electoral states were directed in September to supply information on criminal justice "in order for John Ehrlichman to give the President maximum support during campaign trips over the next several weeks." Ehrlichman said his request had been sent from the White House to the Justice Department, not the FBI—a distinction without a difference. Ehrlichman's later statement that aides at the White House and Justice set the FBI in motion shows how far down the line authority to enroll the bureau in partisan activities has gone. Hoover responded to somewhat similar requests—for example, a study for the President in the 1960s on organized crime in certain cities. But such requests were never made during a campaign and former Hoover aides believe they would not have been honored had they been. According to one former top Hoover aide, "he wanted to protect the organization from political pressures . . . he wanted it to be an organization to which you would go [with information] no matter what your politics." Republicans did not question the thoroughness of Hoover's investigation of Bobby Baker or Billie Sol Estes during the Johnson administration, though the trails of impropriety led to the President's closest advisers.

GAO investigators who looked into the $114,000 in contributions to a GOP secret fund from which political sabotage was financed found they were ahead of the FBI inquiry, though the bureau started before them. Democrats working on the same case point out the bureau failed to find the bug on Spencer Oliver's Watergate phone during their first electronic sweep of Democratic headquarters in July. Then, after interviewing hired GOP agent Alfred Baldwin that same month, and being told specifically which phone had been bugged, they failed to return for it until September—at which time they tried to prove it was a "new" bug.

Was it ever likely that Mr. Nixon's friend, picked from obscurity and with the hope of becoming Hoover's legitimate successor riding on Mr. Nixon's political survival, could or would probe deeply into the operations of the Committee to Reelect the President, where Gray's wife worked until May, when her husband was appointed? (The President suggested she resign for the sake of propriety.) Gray's reply is: "Anyone who writes that is really leveling a general indictment against all public officials." He's right.

The "indictment" was strengthened a few weeks ago when the FBI was called upon to pour oil on troubled partisan waters. It may be remembered that Vice President Agnew blurted out that an FBI investigation was underway in the Soviet grain deal. It was not underway, however, because despite alleged impropriety, no one had yet suggested a violation of federal law. Agnew's statement forced the bureau's hand, and Gray then said, "I don't know what we'll find but we're going to investigate the hell out of it."

There has long been a need to set limits on the FBI's administrative autonomy, built up under Hoover. Yet the bureau's sharpest critics have not suggested it be turned into a compliant subdivision of the White House. Hoover had his prejudices—which he indulged to the detriment of civil rights and liberties. But as Senator Fred Harris of Oklahoma put it last summer, "With Mr. Hoover as the FBI's head, there was some certainty about the use to which the bureau would put its massive power. . . . *There was some assurance that no Administration would be able to any great extent to use the FBI's resources for narrow partisan purposes.*"

No less a Hoover critic than former Attorney General Ramsey Clark agrees with Harris. Hoover, Clark recalled, often would send juicy gossip to President Johnson, as he did to LBJ's predecessors. It had to do with sex and prominent people or with someone Hoover disliked who was also on the outs with the President. In his own case, Clark said, he had during the early Nixon years agreed to represent church organizations that wanted to monitor some trials in the Soviet Union. In pursuit of the matter, Clark called the Soviet embassy to see if he or others could travel to Russia. The next day—thanks to FBI monitoring of the embassy phones—the fact of Clark's call had been passed on to the White House and, according to Clark, later turned up in Jack Anderson's column.

As much as he deplored such indiscretions, Clark is convinced that Hoover would not have honored a White House *request* for such information. And, Clark noted, where the pride of the bureau as the country's premier investigative body was concerned, Hoover would push an inquiry to its end irrespective of political implications. A former Hoover aide is less positive. "There was footdragging during the Truman years," he recalls, but overall Hoover was "extremely sensitive to the critical issue of morality."

As well he might have been. For it was the critical

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

issue of morality that brought Hoover to power. When Warren G. Harding assumed the presidency in 1921, his attorney general and former campaign chairman, Harry M. Daugherty, summarily fired the Democratic-appointed FBI incumbent and put in as bureau director William J. Burns, head of the Burns Detective Agency whose business and banking clients had been strong financial backers of Harding.

Don Whitehead, in his authorized history of the FBI, describes what took place: "The Bureau's old records reflect the strong political influences at work in the Harding Administration. One memorandum to Burns, reportedly from a senator, gave a breakdown on the party affiliations of the Bureau's Chicago agents. The Republicans were listed without comment, but after the names of the Democrats were such comments as: 'son-in-law of Democratic State Senator; maintains active affiliation with Democratic organization.' 'Placed by Congressman A.' 'Democrat and active as such.' 'Let out some two years ago but was later reinstated and it is understood through the efforts of Senator B.' "

The Teapot Dome scandal blew the lid on the bureau. There was congressional testimony by a bureau agent that senators' offices had been searched, mail opened and outright spying conducted by the FBI in an effort to halt congressional investigation of Attorney General Daugherty. Bureau agents were dispatched to Montana, home of Senator Burton K. Wheeler, a leader in the Senate inquiry. Wheeler was indicted, charged with taking money from a syndicate of oil prospectors—an indictment Wheeler branded a fraud and the work of FBI Director Burns and the Republican National Committee. A Montana jury found Wheeler innocent.

When Calvin Coolidge succeeded Harding, Daugherty was replaced by Harlan Fiske Stone. Burns resigned a month later, and Stone turned to the 29-year-old J. Edgar Hoover who had served as an assistant bureau director under Burns. In Whitehead's retelling of the appointment scene—where Hoover was first named "acting" director—the young man reportedly agreed to take the job with conditions.

"What are they?" Stone asked.

"The Bureau must be divorced from politics and not be a catchall for political hacks," Hoover is recorded as replying.

Now, Hoover himself played politics with great success. But his goal was power and independence *for the agency and its director*, not power for a politician or a party. For some 20 years, Hoover collected information on newly elected congressmen. It was done, a former aide has claimed, so that Hoover would know of anything in a new legislator's background that would make it inadvisable for Hoover to send what became a traditional congratulatory letter. If anything negative turned up, the inquiry would usually go no farther than a check of police records. The file would be kept in Washington and chances were that no letter of congratulations would be sent. In no case, however, would such information be exploited for partisan gains.

Serious as is Mr. Nixon's initial decision to make the FBI directorship a political post, there's further reason to question Pat Gray's appointment. He isn't qualified. Gray is a former submarine commander who quit the navy in 1960 to work in the first Nixon presidential campaign. He practiced law in Connecticut until the time came to join the Nixon campaign again in 1968. That year he spent a good part of the time as the candidate's traveling companion; he was said to be able to "relax" Nixon between appearances. Until his FBI appointment, Gray had had high but not top-level jobs, first in HEW and later at Justice where he headed the relatively unimportant Civil Division. In short, his principal qualification for the job originally was his loyalty to Richard Nixon. Now in his 50s, earnest, crewcut, Gray has no criminal or investigative background, nothing to suggest he can effectively run an agency of 20,000 persons and a $300 million budget. He is not a national figure and could probably not survive as FBI director beyond the day the Republicans occupy the White House.

He *has* shown a flair for public relations. His initial moves—accepting women as FBI agents, talking about opening up the bureau to minority groups, arranging several personnel transfers—got him a good press with reporters who had been scorned by Hoover. When the story broke on the existence of congressional files, he topped it by announcing the practice would be discontinued and the old files destroyed. But as one bureau aide has pointed out, these files are so complicated and have been so often duplicated that their abolition is all but impossible.

The files on congressmen raise another doubt about Gray. How much does he know about the bureau—or want to know? And how frank is he in his public statements? He had earlier told more than one interviewer, "There are no dossiers or secret files," though in almost every case he added, "that I know of." In an interview last summer he told me that what he meant—but never explained—was he didn't like the "real sinister connotation" of words such as "political dossier" or "secret file." He indicated he was spending a good deal of time studying the FBI filing system: "The index is completely separate from the files. And the files are all numbered. So any bloke that's over there and wants to find a file of John Doe, he's got one hell of a problem to start with . . . Without my asking they brought all my files to me. And of course I've been in the military so there's a lot of stuff there. They had my main file—and then they had a pile of these other files and there were little white pieces of paper in them where there was something about me, and it could have been a newspaper clip-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ping or a letter or something like that. But they were all marked and you'd have to go—I think there were about six other files that you'd have to go to, and they showed me the index card. It's a white card, like about this in size and you go up here first under the fellow's name and then you mark down all the files where you'd find something about him and then you go over there and start looking. And this is what I've been doing," he said last June, "I've been trying to find if there is any set of files over there that we don't have a jurisdictional basis for."

Apparently, between June and October, Gray never found the congressional files, although three teletype directives to field offices went out over his name for more information about them.

For men in the bureau who rose to the top under Hoover's autocratic reign, the change to Gray has been painful. Several assistant directors have resigned. W. Mark Felt, the man Hoover promoted as heir-apparent, has stayed on and reportedly runs the day-to-day operation. Gray is criticized within the bureau for spending much of his time on the road, traveling by special air force jet (to prevent his being hijacked) and making speeches. The most direct evidence of internal dissatisfaction with Gray comes in the information being leaked to the press from the bureau about the Watergate bugging and other political shenanigans.

Leaks to the press are not new, but under Hoover they came at the director's wish, to enhance his image. Information leaks about the Watergate case, and particularly the Ehrlichman request, have embarrassed Gray. A former Justice Department official says at least some of the leaks come from anti-Gray staff people.

Hoover's death came when his agency faced a myriad of institutional problems, not all of which were traceable to his declining years. Presidents and Congresses have kept adding to its tasks and thus its size. Between 1960 and 1970 more than 2000 new agents were authorized (an increase of 30 percent). By mid-1972, there were 8361 agents and 11,226 clerks staffing 59 field offices, several hundred local offices and liaison offices abroad in no less than 19 countries.

This rapid growth was attributed to Hoover's inability to control the "quick fix" proclivity of Congress and the White House to "solve" problems by handing them over to Hoover. But in taking on these new investigative tasks—civil rights, bombings, gambling, organized crime, air hijacking, domestic radicalism—and thousands of new agents, the old-fashioned authoritarianism and one-man management began to fail. Younger agents, brought up on radio and television versions of the FBI, were shocked to find it petty and occasionally irresponsible. Promotions were tied to such minutiae as the appearance of an agent's desk drawer or his dress or his weight. As a result there has been a sharp turnover of younger agents, as the older ones continue to get ahead by going along. Use of bureau assets, computerization, informant practices, a limited 15-year term for the director—these are but a few of the issues awaiting review and resolution in the wake of Hoover's death.

It's time to investigate the investigators. The FBI has been run without effective oversight for almost 50 years. Even the CIA has joint congressional oversight committees, ineffective as they are. And the CIA has been the subject of several internal studies by White House panels. Hoover and his critics created many myths about the bureau, but little factual information is available to any but a handful of the late director's closest aides. It would be inadvisable to open such an agency up to public hearings, but a presidential or congressional commission ought to examine carefully its activities, methods of operation and the qualifications for a director who must sustain the public's faith in the FBI and give leadership that can regenerate declining morale. Mr. Nixon has given no indication that he plans any such study, and Gray has said he opposes a congressional inquiry. Without public discussion the administration appears willing to continue treating the FBI as if it were just another division of the Justice Department whose director can be picked out of a list of loyal political servitors.

There is, however, the Senate Judiciary Committee, which must approve the new director. It could defer those hearings until the work of the bureau has been thoroughly reviewed.

Several months ago I sat in Hoover's old office and asked Gray about the FBI's future: ". . . The way I like to put it," he said, "and gee, I see it every day, the foundation that Mr. Hoover left here—the organization, the training, the operational system for want of a better word—it's just great. And I look upon it—and I still think of it this way—as I thought of it that very first day in a very, very short space of time—as me joining the dedicated men and women of the FBI to build upon and enrich the legacy of Mr. Hoover. As I said, I'm Pat Gray, and I'm going to do it my way. I'm not Edgar Hoover and I won't be doing it his way."

When Allen Dulles resigned as director of the CIA, John Kennedy, according to Theodore Sorensen, first asked Maxwell Taylor, and then Robert Kennedy, to take the post. Neither wanted it, and for a moment it looked as if a political appointee, a capable but less than qualified New York attorney, would get the job. At the last minute Kennedy turned to John McCone, a Republican who had served in a subcabinet post under Truman and later as Eisenhower's Atomic Energy Commission chairman. McCone's appointment was not popular within Kennedy's White House but it did help keep the CIA out of domestic politics, protecting it from partisan criticism so that it could do its professional job.

The FBI deserves no less scrupulous consideration if whatever is positive in the legacy of J. Edgar Hoover is to survive.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

Gisela May

(Village Gate)

Berlin to Broadway

(Theatre de Lys)

City Center Acting Company

(Good Shepherd-Faith Church)

Gisela May is an East German actress who sings Brecht songs. Those are the four paramount facts about her. She is very much the product of a particular culture; she acts her songs; she doesn't "speak" them, she has a rich contralto singing voice; she focuses on the greatest theater artist of her society. After those facts, an opinion: she is absolutely first-class.

May has just made her second American visit—from East Berlin, where she has been a member of Brecht's theater, the Berliner Ensemble, since 1961. (Her singing programs are something *else* that she does.) She spent most of her time in New York, with a few dates elsewhere, and will be gone by the time this appears. These comments are both a record of a real theatrical event and an appeal for her return.

She is somewhere in her 40s, I'd say, broad-shouldered and quick, with full page-boy blonde hair. She strides out on the café stage in a smart black pants-suit, and before she has finished her good-evening-and-thank-you-for-coming, you know you are in the presence of about 150 years of rueful, wry middle-European history, couched in pleasantly knowledgeable show biz, projected with sure talent. You feel simultaneously relaxed and expectant.

She delivers. Her program consists entirely of songs with lyrics by Brecht, the music by three composers: Kurt Weill, Paul Dessau and Hans Eisler. ("Mack the Knife" is saved for a second or third encore.) Of these three musicians, it's clear that Weill was the best songwriter, though the others are theatrically at home. As May works her way from a *Happy End* group through *Mahagonny* and *Threepenny Opera*, you see that she is using her material as Maggie Teyte used the French song or Chaliapin the Russian. Each song is a small play, yet without any arty "transformation": she simply sings each one from the inside out. "Surabaya-Johnny" becomes a small melodrama because the heroine knows she is trapped in a melodrama, so the hairs on your arms prickle. "Pirate Jenny" is done quite differently from the (good) Lotte Lenya style of dark bitterness. May sings it with a fixed smile, rather quickly, mechanically, like a transfixed victim of Fritz Lang's Dr. Mabuse. When the pirates ask Jenny how many of their captives she wants killed and she says, smilingly, "*Alles*," it's prickle-time again.

Then, in a moment that for her may be the easiest but for us is the most striking, she takes a great piece of ugly gray cloth and covers the pants-suit and the hair, and with the aid of lighting (well-handled throughout), she becomes Mother Courage. She sings three of Dessau's songs from the play. There is probably no such thing as Instant Mother Courage, still if you know the play, you feel that, in quintessence, you have seen it again.

May sings mostly in German. Some songs are translated, but a friend who speaks no German said he understood her best in her own language. This is more than a pretty conceit: she can use her own language as an illusionist uses his hands; and in her own language she makes the most of her cabaret-cosmos voice. Henry Krtschil, also from East Berlin, conducted the five-piece band sharply.

It's a commonplace that Weill was at his best when he worked with Brecht. My own heretical opinion is that Brecht was at much of his best when he worked with Weill. Together they make the *idea* of musical theater.

By coincidence there's an off-Broadway show called *Berlin to Broadway with Kurt Weill*, which presents exactly a reverse view: we follow Weill's career with various lyricists. The Theatre de Lys, where it is playing, is also where *Brecht on Brecht* played a few years ago, as well as *The Threepenny Opera* some years before that; time has brought ultra-sweetness to the house.

The set for that small stage is a busy little monster, the staging is fussy and pompous, and the best that can be said for the four singers who, with the narrator, comprise the cast, is that they are somewhat effective in the American Weill which is sadly inferior to the German.

The title of this show is, unwittingly, the core of the matter. Weill began in a German theater that, esthetically and ideologically, was the enemy of Broadway; he ended up the composer of *Lady in the Dark* and *One Touch of Venus*, which are good glittery musicals, and of *Street Scene* and *Lost in the Stars*, which are vacuous pop "operas." Moral judgments are out of place. Weill, like many other European artists, went through severe personal and cultural shock because of Hitler and the enforced emigration. I note only that

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

The Candidate. Surprising, the resentment this (neatly made) film about a campaign has aroused among "sophisticates." Not the whole truth, but surely a big bitter part of it.

Chloe in the Afternoon. Eric Rohmer's sixth Moral Tale concludes his series of gentle, esthetic insistences that there is more to love and sex than modernist reductions.

The Emigrants. Max von Sydow and Liv Ullman in a well-made narrative of Swedes leaving Sweden for the US in 1844.

The Ruling Class. Peter O'Toole and a superb cast in a messy but well-written satire about a religious maniac who succeeds to an earldom.

La Salamandre. A funny, grave, important film. Two TV documentary writers want to write a script about a workingclass girl, but her reality is too much for them. Swiss, believe it or not.

A Sense of Loss. Marcel Ophuls, who also made the next film on the list, supplies information and perception on the hell in Northern Ireland.

The Sorrow and the Pity. Four and a half fine hours of documentary about wartime France and some survivors.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Douglas J. Stewart on TV

The Underselling of America

TV specials, documentaries and "public service" shows have an even more thankless task than the regular commercial series. The latter are a relatively straightforward hustle, aimed at peddling the sponsor's pills or wax by producing a show that is sufficiently diverting, narcotic or vulgar to hang on to an audience. Survival makes everyone—writers, producers and actors—serious shareholders in the vehicle. It's the one-shot special or the high-minded documentary series that has nowhere in particular to go, nothing to sell and nothing, like fear, to keep it awake. These shows are unfazed by ratings because their existence is the whim of a corporate sponsor that wants its dignity serviced.

The premiere a couple of weeks ago of American Airlines' "American Experience," titled "The Fabulous Country," simply proved that the sweaty entrepreneurs behind "Laugh In" have it all over the dispirited and aimless slaves who grind out essay-type shows based on fatuous ideas and no inspiration. With Chet Huntley mouthing drivel neither he nor his writers understood about "myths," Walter Brennan missing lines from his cue cards and the generally gummy photography, "The Fabulous Country" was trite, boring and confusing. The editing was needlessly zig-zag. The point of view leaped and staggered through two centuries and 20 different ideologies. Whenever actual facts were not being narrated, gee-whizzery and cant took over. Huntley babbled about Ben Franklin; Brennan's cue cards seemingly proclaimed that only America has funny "myths" and mythic heroes (read: "folk heroes" and then deny the premise: we have no mythic heroes at all, but lots of folk tales, and the folk heroes of most nations are funny).

The only center the show had at all was this preoccupation with myth, uniformly misunderstood by everyone concerned. Huntley: Paul Revere's ride was a "myth" because Longfellow wrote about it (not so fast: real myths come *before* poets, not after; "myths" *invented by* poets are either crypto-religious or propaganda). Brennan talked of the fictional cowboy, first as a "myth" (again, not so fast), and then as a morality play figure (that's better: Fenimore Cooper's ghost rested easier). The "myths" of Plymouth Rock and Franklin's kite, of the frontier, of the promised land and the melting pot, and finally of the virtuous yeoman, were all either celebrated or unconsciously venerated, interspersed with pragmatic footage of tourists, factories, anonymous streets, goldrush tintypes, and too much Colorado. The show started out with a pretentious literary salvo about telling the inner truth about America, and ended up looking like a snapshot album of a large imbecile family called America, which couldn't even sort the pictures correctly.

The mess *did* have a message of sorts, probably unconscious: here we are, a big lumpy family and we take the good with the bad and we talk a lot of rot to ourselves, but anyhow, why does a family have to justify itself *to* itself? But message is not the same as motive. People send messages they don't understand all the time. The main motive, to this viewer, was a simple *Wille zum Scheinen*, a pathetic anxiety to appear, period. As noted, TV specials always seem to be hunting for something to sell and not finding it. This one was hunting for a theme, a product and even an audience. Given the evident vacuities in the assignment with which the editors worked, they seem to have settled on trying to sell America to America. America as a vague idea, a wrinkle in history, a pleasantry, something you win at a fair. But selling someone something he already has is either sentimentalism or indoctrination; and "The American Experience" threatens to be a queer splice of the two. (It is scheduled to be put on 10 times over a period of three or four years, leading up to the bicentennial; and that is a queer splicing too—of time and eternity.)

It's too bad that the first show was such a big waste of time. There *are* ways of celebrating—and even legitimately selling—America that could work, and might even deserve to. Not only is America not all bad—which is a trivial truth—but it can be one hell of a good story. It's certainly tougher and better copy than the feeble stuff American Airlines bought. Unless the producers originally intended the show for children's TV on Saturday morning, and then by accident scheduled it for 10 pm Friday, it was ridiculous to avoid the Civil War and slavery in the first episode. And it was perverse to exclude any example of American eloquence—there was no Jefferson, no Lincoln, no Mark Twain—to spice the endemic blarney that no one denies is a large part of our history. Finally it was quite simply cowardly to leave out politics and religion, two areas where we express ourselves, for good or ill, with more force than most nations.

I wouldn't demand miracles of tact or subtlety. American Airlines conceivably has a point in wanting to tell Americans, There, there, it'll be all right, you aren't as awful as you've been painted; to say that America's low and thoughtless average is still rather mild and decent, if a bit confused. But even that job could be done *right*. It takes neither the wit of La Rochefoucauld nor the scholarship of a Morison to make the case that as a nation America is not much better or worse than the next fellow, *but* that Americans have done both delightful and dreadful things while wearing the national mask of ordinary folks. All it would take is a coherent editorial point of view and a writing staff that cared. Neither one was evident when American Airlines flew us Huntley, Brennan and company. (The commercials, by the way, excelled in just what the show lacked: wit, economy and conception, alas!)

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

DOUGLAS J. STEWART *is in the Classics Department at Brandeis University.* C. VANN WOODWARD, *who teaches history at Yale University, has recently published the ninth volume of his History of the South Series, entitled* Origins of the New South, 1877-1913 *(Louisiana University Press).* J. D. O'HARA *is on sabbatical from the University of Connecticut.* CALVIN BEDIENT'S *latest book is* Architects of the Self: George Eliot, D. H. Lawrence and E. M. Forster *(University of California Press).* JOHN RUSSELL *is director of graduate studies in English at the University of Maryland.* JILL HOFFMAN'S *first collection of poetry,* mink coat & other poems, *will soon be published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* ARTHUR MIZENER'S *most recent book is* The Saddest Story *(World Publishing Co.), a biography of Ford Madox Ford; he teaches English at Cornell University.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

crosscurrentscr
crosscurrentscr
rosscurrentscro
rosscurrentscro
osscurrentscros
osscurrentscros
sscurrentscross
sscurrentscross
scurrentscrossc

Dianying/Electric Shadows:
An Account of Films and the Film Audience in China
by Jay Leyda
Because he worked with the Chinese film industry in Peking from 1959 to 1964, Jay Leyda has had access to more Chinese films and relevant documents than any other Western scholar. In *Dianying* he describes both historic and current film production, using the films themselves as primary source material. He covers the film industry (the rise and fall of film studios, the influence of foreign filmmakers, the problems of film distributors), gives synopses of important and representative films, and introduces us to the notable filmmakers, actors, and actresses of China.
$12.50

Scientists in the Quest for Peace:
A History of the Pugwash Conferences
by J. Rotblat
Foreword by H. Alfren
This book documents twenty-one Pugwash conferences held during the last fifteen years. It is a revised version of the author's first history (published in 1967).
The author, a distinguished physicist and radiologist, has been closely involved with the Pugwash movement and its principal characters–Bertrand Russell, Cecil Powell, Alexander Topchiev, Leo Szilard–since its inception.
$12.50

History and Class Consciousness:
Studies in Marxist Dialectics
by Georg Lukács
Translated by Rodney Livingstone
$8.95 hardcover; **$2.95** paperback

The Spoils of Progress:
Environmental Pollution in the Soviet Union
by Marshall I. Goldman
$7.95

The Transformation of Communist Ideology:
The Yugoslav Case 1945-1953
by A. Ross Johnson
$15.00

The Changing Party Elite in East Germany
by Peter C. Ludz
$12.50

The MIT Press
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Massachusetts 02142

The Master of Tuskegee

Booker T. Washington: The Making of a Black Leader, 1865-1901

by Louis R. Harlan

(Oxford; $10.95)

The Booker T. Washington Papers: Vol. I, The Autobiographical Writings; Vol. II, 1860-1889

edited by Louis R. Harlan

(University of Illinois; $15.00 each)

If the second volume measures up to the first, Harlan's biography of Booker Washington will be the best study we have of a black American. It already sets a standard unmatched for the penetration of obscure origins and elaborate myths. Origins do not get any more obscure than the first nine years of a slave child of unknown father and unrecorded birth. Myths rarely become more elaborate and impenetrable than the many with which this man surrounded himself. In the process of removing layer upon layer of enshrouding myths, the author began to suspect that he was seeking "a personality that had vanished into the roles it played."

The biographical art displayed here is not inspired by flashy psychological "insight," colored by white guilt, or warped by black ideologies and rivalries. It is the product of a relentless determination to understand and a disciplined pursuit and skilled use of authentic evidence. The enterprise began long before the rage for "black studies," was based on the systematic mining of the vast collection of Washington Papers in the Library of Congress, and accompanied by the preparation of a multivolumed edition of those papers by the biographer and his wife and staff. The outcome promises to be one of the most valuable pieces of historical scholarship we have on any phase of the Afro-American experience.

Booker Washington was "forced from childhood to deceive, to simulate, to wear the mask." In addition to the normal schooling he received from Southern whites, first from his owner then his employer in West Virginia salt mines, he was early subjected to the iron discipline of New England paternalism. First he came under the rule of a Vermont woman, wife of a Southern employer. Then he found the white father figure he sought in General Samuel Chapman Armstrong of Hampton Institute, who completed young Washington's identity with elite whites, Northern and Southern. From the general, "He learned the art of pleasing white people."

The very embodiment of the Yankee Sahib complex, Armstrong brought to his Virginia school for Southern blacks the techniques and dogmas his missionary father developed to "civilize" Polynesians of the Sandwich Islands. Armstrong not only applied the Polynesian discipline to Afro-American freedmen, but also to Cheyenne and Kiowa braves, "blanket Indians" rounded up on the Great Plains and plumped down and segregated from blacks at Hampton. Disciple Washington joined in the acculturation of Indians as well as fellow freedmen, teaching the redskins to walk in white man's shoes, wear his clothes, play his games and march to his music. Later at his own Tuskegee Institute, a duplicate of Hampton minus the New England schoolmarms, Washington not only applied the same regimen to Black Belt blacks but, after the Spanish American War to imported Puerto Rican and Cuban students as well.

Never an intellectual, Washington was suspicious of ideas. By the age of 21 he had developed all the basic biases of a lifetime: a mistrust of higher education, an aversion to cities, a belief in the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"identity of interest" between whites and blacks, an abhorrence of labor unions, strikes and "politics," the conviction that Reconstruction was "artificial and forced," and the whole gospel of success and wealth.

For each of his conflicting constituencies Washington played a different role and wore a different mask. No one knew who the "real" man was, and his intimates called him "the wizard"—master of instantaneous mask shifting. To Southern blacks he presented a fatherly image, preaching to those of rural origins a program of peasant conservatism and "industrial" education in the outmoded crafts, and to black businessmen the gospel of a better mousetrap. Among Southern whites he was scrupulously circumspect, deferential, the model of accommodating humility, "keeping his place," faithful ally of businessmen and planters against poorer whites and discontented labor. Among Northern elite whites, on the other hand, he was accepted "on perhaps more completely equal terms than any other black man in American history." Self-made businessmen found him a boon companion with sound ideas on labor, property, social questions and the Puritan ethic.

In Alabama Washington was "Master of the Tuskegee Plantation," absolute patriarch and benevolent despot, ruling the personal lives of faculty and students with infinite attention to detail, little space for independence of thought or action, and no delegation of authority. Tuskegee was as much "a lengthened shadow of himself" as any institution over which the self-made businessman presided. He drilled his subordinates with martial zeal to prepare for inspection by visiting millionaires and philanthropists. One of his favorite displays was a black scientist, George Washington Carver, who could be of practical usefulness "while out-Bookering Booker Washington" in social and racial accommodation.

It was The Speech that brought Washington national fame and favor. Made at the Atlanta Exposition of 1895, and later known as the Atlanta Compromise, this pronouncement earned him instant acclaim North and South, at home and abroad. It contained nothing he had not said many times before. He had been in close accord with Henry W. Grady, departed mythmaker of the New South, in the '80s. But in the midst of racial crisis, black disenfranchisement and Populist rebellion in the '90s, the brown orator electrifed conservative hopes. His Northern friends took the acclaim as a new recognition of black genius. But Southern conservatives were acclaiming a new Negro leader who endorsed segregation, renounced Reconstruction goals and proclaimed an alliance between black and white conservatives against radicals of both races. His stock speech for the rest of his life was essentially a repetition of the Atlanta Address.

It was whites, not blacks, who made Washington leader of the blacks. His rise coincided with a steady deterioration in the status of his own people. Yet as setback followed setback in their situation, he moved with consummate skill to consolidate the power of the Tuskegee Machine over the Afro-American world. He secretly bought newspapers and dictated their editorial policies. He infiltrated the leading black church denominations and fraternal orders with his agents and controlled college presidents and professors through his influence with philanthropists and foundations. Against black rivals and critics he used ruthless methods of sabotage and espionage. His spies and informers infiltrated the New England Suffrage League, the Niagara Movement, the NAACP and all organizations that dared oppose him. With him, as Professor Harlan says, duplicity became a way of life, "the only kind of life by which he could achieve his goals of power, influence, and security."

If Washington's devious tactics contrasted paradoxically with his public image, so did the uses he sometimes made of his power. For in deepest secrecy he managed from time to time to finance civil rights suits that challenged disenfranchisement laws, exclusion of blacks from jury service, Jim Crow transportation laws and the peonage system. In other words, he secretly attacked the racial settlement that he publicly sanctioned. His public support, however, was far more effective in sustaining than his secret actions were in subverting the structure of white supremacy.

Another ironic contrast between Washington's preaching and his practice lay in the realm of politics. The doctrine of the Atlanta Compromise was political acquiescence and withdrawal for blacks. The way to salvation lay through economic opportunity and hard work, not through political activity. Yet the Master of Tuskegee was constantly engaged in local and national politics. His power grew until he became virtually undisputed boss of the black minority, chief black patronage broker and dispenser of political jobs. He not only dined with Presidents, but advised them on the appointment of white Southerners for federal office. Yet, as Harlan writes, "he had no faith that the masses either black or white could intelligently protest and promote their own interests through politics. He lacked faith in the democratic process."

Volume I of *The Booker T. Washington Papers*, the first of 15 volumes projected, is devoted to the autobiographical writings, the bulk of it to *The Story of My Life and Work* (1900) and *Up from Slavery* (1901). Both of these books were largely the work of ghostwriters, one of whom "wrote or partly wrote nearly all of the articles, books and sometimes even letters that appeared over Washington's signature." Both works presented their subject "not as the complex man that he privately was, but as the black version of the American success-hero and exemplar of the Puritan work-ethic he believed in. They were both, therefore, partly mythical. . . ." The first of them, the product of an incompetent and largely unsupervised writer and a shoddy publisher, was in the editor's opinion "a thoroughly bad book." Yet, it outsold the more famous and much better *Up from Slavery*. The latter had a better ghostwriter, closer supervision and more skillful editing.

Designed to enhance Washington's image and promote his philosophy, *Up from Slavery* presents his experience mythically, teaches "lessons" and reflects a sunny optimism about black life in America. It was the classic American success story, "the Horatio Alger myth in black." It contained no hint of the devious and secret aspects of its subject's career. Praised exorbitantly and compared with Franklin's *Autobiography*, the book was translated into most of the world's principal languages including Arabic, Hindi, Malayan, Chinese and Japanese.

Volume II of the *Papers* begins the chronologically arranged documents and covers the first 33 years. These are naturally the most thinly documented

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, 516 West 34 St., New York, N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

years of Washington's life, yet the material laboriously assembled contains some of the richest and most revealing biographical sources. The tremendous energy and drive of the man and the full story of Tuskegee Institute come through clearly. Documents are carefully identified, located and intelligently arranged. Each volume is completely indexed and a comprehensive index is planned for the final volume. This work has all the virtues of first-rate professional editing.

Louis Harlan as biographer and editor has been aware in both his roles of the anachronistic fallacy of judging a man of one age with the standards and values of another. He points out that in the late 19th century, little difference separated men later aligned as polar opposites. W.E.B. Du Bois, for example, congratulated Washington on the Atlanta Compromise address. In the last years of his long life, Du Bois defended Washington against disparagement in a conversation reported by Conor Cruise O'Brien in a letter to Eugene D. Genovese, quoted with the latter's permission:

> He [Du Bois] went on to say that in the circumstances of the South in Washington's day, he could not have done anything effective in any other way. He—Du Bois—with his Northern and relatively privileged background, had been able to take a different stance and had been obliged to enter into public controversy to obscure the merits of what Washington had achieved. He spoke with evident strong feeling and all of us who heard him were deeply impressed.

C. Vann Woodward

Dance with Death

Céline: The Novel as Delirium

by Allen Thiher

(Rutgers University Press; $12.50)

With his first novel, *Voyage to the End of the Night* (1932), Louis-Ferdinand Céline began to pose moral and esthetic problems for his readers, problems that he made increasingly complex and aggravating in the course of a long and unsatisfactory life. Can important literature eschew the subtleties and refinements of formal language? Can it present, unadulterated and unopposed, a sordid, bigoted morality? Can it preach a reactionary conservatism hostile to its age? Can it abandon form in favor of the shapeless rhythms and relationships of life itself?

Voyage broke new ground for the French, partly because of its picaresque portrayal of low and grubby life in France, Africa and America and partly because of its use of slang. Their formidable bias in favor of a clean and literary French style was shocked; in America, of course, we have *Huckleberry Finn* and no such bias. But most of all, probably, *Voyage* startled its readers with its point of view. The social realists of the 19th century had dabbled often in the life of the lower classes, but always from the viewpoint of the moral and educated middle class; Céline remained adamantly with the underdog, the underground man, the cynical, amoral, bigoted, opportunistic and paranoid working-class mentality of which no right-thinking reader could approve. Take war, for instance. Stendhal had long ago shown the confusion of Waterloo from the soldier's viewpoint, but his character Fabrizio del Dongo was no common soldier; Hemingway too had doubted the gloriousness of war, but he had celebrated heroism nonetheless. *Voyage*'s narrator Bardamu lacked all redeeming virtues:

> Our colonel, I must say, was showing amazing coolness. He walked about, right in the middle of the road, up and down in the thick of these bullets, just as carelessly as if he were waiting for a friend on a station platform; a little impatiently, that's all.

A standard Hemingway scene so far, a celebration of martial courage. But Bardamu's response struck a new note:

> What a monster that colonel must be, though. I was sure that, like a dog, he had no idea of death. It struck me at the same time that there must be lots like him, as gallant as he, in our army, and as many again, no doubt, on the opposite side. . . . Several millions in all, perhaps. From that moment, my terror became panic. With creatures like that about the place, this hellish idiocy might go on indefinitely.

And with that realization—one of fear, not intellectual rejection—comes an early instance of what critic Allen Thiher calls delirium:

> Could it be that I was the only coward on earth, I wondered. The thought was terrifying. Lost in the middle of two million madmen, all of them heroes, at large and armed to the teeth! With or without helmets, without horses, on motor bicycles, screeching, in cars, whistling, sniping, plotting, flying, kneeling, digging, taking cover, wheeling, detonating, shut in on earth as in an asylum cell; intending to wreck everything in it . . . a hundred, a thousand times fiercer than a thousand dogs and so infinitely more vicious! What a mess we were in! Clearly it seemed to me I had embarked on a crusade that was nothing short of an apocalypse.

This delirious vision of battle then gives way abruptly to one of Céline's fine, laconic perceptions: "One is as innocent of Horror as one is of sex." (The comparison stayed with him; in one of his last novels he observed that "disasters are like love, very serious at first, inspiring, then after a while hopelessly grotesque.") As *Voyage* goes on, the glum aphorisms continue—"It is of men, and of them only, that one should always be frightened"; "One is never fearful enough"; "Almost every desire a poor man has is a punishable offense"; "The spirit will put up with phrases, but the body is different; it's not so easy to please, it must have muscle"; "You don't climb upwards in life; you

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

go down." And, as we move from place to place, Bardamu's non-U attitudes also accumulate. There are no Conradian noble savages in Africa: "The black race stinks in its poverty, its endless little vanities, the obscenity of its resignation: just like our own poor, in fact, except that they have more brats about the place and less dirty washing hanging up, and less red wine." The United States is full of beautiful (and inaccessible) women, but New York is a nightmare and the Ford factory in Detroit is worse; and when Bardamu settles down, like Céline himself, as a physician in a poor section of Paris, he is driven away by the grasping, petty, mindless selfishness of his patients and their families. He ends by working in a madhouse, very near to the end of his night, and his story breaks off abruptly: "let's hear no more of all this."

Already Céline had anticipated many of the themes and attitudes of our post-World-War-II literature; there remained only one major discovery. Despite the slang, *Journey* is narrated in quite conventional sentences and paragraphs; it is clearly *written* literature. To evoke the moment-by-moment formlessness and incoherence of life and of the mind, a more abrupt and discontinuous style was needed; Céline's new, harsh and rasping wine needed a new bottle. As he said later, "Jazz knocked out the waltz, impressionism killed *faux-jour*, you'll write in 'telegraphic' or you won't write at all." With his grim novel of childhood, *Death on the Installment Plan* (1936), he introduced this telegraphic style and his notorious ellipses. No more glibness . . . eloquence . . . rhetoric . . . just a voice. Talking! . . . slang . . . obscenity. Abrupt jumps, collapse of diction . . . Seurat's dots translated into words. Critics hated it; Céline expected as much:

> I know, I know, I'm used to it . . . that's my music!
> I give everyone a pain in the ass.
> And what if they study it in school in two hundred years, and the Chinese too?
> What'll you say then?

The tunes he played in *Death on the Installment Plan* were often manic, frenetic—wild hallucinations, grand guignol seasickness on a packet boat, the gaseous rhetoric of the fake savant Courtial des Pereires—but his theme was grim: "Real hatred comes from deep down, from a defenseless childhood crushed with work. That's the hatred that kills you." Horrible, sickening violence and horrible, sickening sexuality was mixed with the daily drain of a poverty-haunted existence in a family trying to keep its nose above the lower classes. The poisoning of childhood was Céline's theme, and the novel is sickened by it. In *Guignol's Band* (1943) the tone became more cheerful. Ferdinand in London has wild and violent adventures, but he keeps his spirits up, and has time for the evanescent charms of existence, especially in children:

> at the first smile of the sun, everything bursts out laughing and whirls around. . . . A frolic! A saraband! It's the elves' ball from one end of Wapping to the other! . . . Tumbling from balcony to porch! on the run! on the sly! . . . Girls and and boys! . . . A hundred mischievous and saucy games. . . . The tots right in the middle . . . hand in hand . . . ring-a-ring-o'roses . . . darling brats of the fog . . . so happy about a day with no rain . . . more playful merry divine and nimble than dream cherubs!

And the adults include Boro the bomb-thrower, "a real archangel on the downgrade, though still rather frisky," and the pimp Cascade, who finds himself saddled with all the French whores in London because their own pimps are getting patriotic and going off to war (World War I). . . . Cascade whose house motto is "Toil and honor" . . . and over it all, Celine's verbal music and his insistence on music itself: "Arpeggios, trills, gingerbread . . . you know . . . plugging it, street stuff . . . with the best possible variations for charm . . . plaintive, tinsel, sob-stuff, it could go on forever . . . it was irresistible . . . it would make a crocodile start daydreaming . . ."

But the only dance worth dancing, for Céline, was the dance with death; and for him that meant a seeking out of danger, insecurity, enemies; a pouring out of all his paranoid hostilities and fears. On the eve of the German invasion of France, he had published several violently anti-Jewish and anti-French works, so nasty and virulent that the French took him for a Nazi, while the embarrassed Nazis wanted nothing to do with him. Suspected of being a collaborator, he and his wife fled to Germany as the war dragged to an end; went from Germany to Denmark, where the Danes imprisoned him

A Search for 20th Century Answers to The Ageless Problem

BOOKS PUBLISHED FOR THE FOUNDATION OF THANATOLOGY, DR. AUSTIN H. KUTSCHER, PRESIDENT

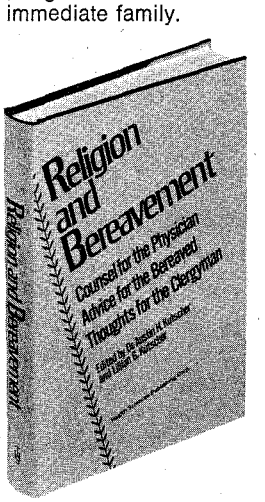
Religion and Bereavement

Counsel for the Physician; Advice for the Bereaved; Thoughts for the Clergyman.

An original anthology of religious, medical, and psychological approaches to bereavement. Viewpoints have been contributed by Baptist, Catholic, Congregational, Disciples of Christ, Episcopal, Jewish, Lutheran, Presbyterian, Methodist, Unitarian, and United Church of Christ clergymen.

Includes a list of musical selections for memorial services, and a selection of references to death and bereavement in the Old and New Testament.

A sensitive gift for those in mourning and the immediate family.



"You have done . . . an excellent job of pulling together some interesting material."
John Langone, *Boston Herald Traveler*

1972 Jacketed ed. 350 pp. $12.50*

To order this book, or our free descriptive brochure, write to:

Dept. NR
Health Sciences Pub. Corp.
451 Greenwich St.
New York 10013

.....Send me a copy of RELIGION AND BEREAVEMENT @ $12.50* (or $11.25* if payment accompanies order).

.....I am interested in learning more about your publications. Send me your free 1972 catalog.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip____

*plus applicable tax and postage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for the French, who tried him in absentia and convicted him of collaboration, but later reversed the decision (figuring, apparently, that he hadn't been pro-Nazi—merely anti-Semitic; and he ended his career as an impoverished general practitioner in a rundown Paris suburb.

Given his nostalgia for the mud, this life probably suited him; certainly it enabled him to replace the largely fictional Ferdinand/Bardamu of the early novels, whose autobiographical content is much overemphasized, with a real Céline in a real world of horrors. His postwar novels—of which only *Castle to Castle* and *North* have so far been translated into English—are substantially different from the first three. The fragmentary prose, the delirious visions, the pithy aphorisms, and the weird characters and events continue; but his material is real now, and expanded to epic scale. Instead of seasickness on a packet boat, he describes Allied air raids on Sigmaringen and Berlin; instead of merely private oddballs, he gives us closeups of high-ranking Nazi officers and the leading men of the Vichy regime; his gift for handling crowds of people—his mob scenes are unequaled in literature—now is applied to the turbulent eddyings of the panicky masses swept through Germany in the last stages of the war. In his early novels, the narrator has nightmares; in these last works, the world is having them. And through these nightmares moves Céline—hostile, paranoid, unpleasant, and yet the closest we can come to sanity in a real world gone really mad. His lasting affection for animals, children and beautiful bodies still remains, a straw to cling to; and (since these last novels were written after the war) his evocations of postwar Europe provide a bitter counter-music to remind us that the life his characters struggle and scheme to preserve, when achieved, is merely our throbbing hangover after an orgy of horrors.

Way back in *Journey*, Bardamu discovered at his first taste of combat that "one is as innocent of Horror as one is of sex." Céline's works strip us of that innocence—or at least they strain every nerve to do so—and of every belief in man's ability to improve life or even to justify it. Céline is the preeminent reactionary of our time, the atheistic believer in our ineradicable original sinfulness. If nothing else, this conviction gives him a valuably detached perspective. The mere conservative or liberal sees our present circumstances only, and sees them as the external and primary cause of human suffering. But the original-sin reactionary sees the inalterable human condition, unaffected by race, milieu and moment; he ignores politics, economics and religion, knowing that man's incurable cancer is not society but life itself, man himself. (Céline praised Christianity of the old type because it said explicitly to man, "toi, petit putricule informe, tu seras jamais qu'une ordure. . . . De naissance tu n'es que merde.") When the reactionary addresses himself to our mere present circumstances, he is likely to make an offensive ass of himself (as Céline does about race); but about the human condition he is likely to be right, because he takes a gloomy view of it: gloomy views are persuasive, in the long run.

Céline came by his views and his knowledge honestly, they're not the product of fashion, whim or choice; he *was* the nasty man he posed as being—more experienced and perceptive and less of a hypocrite, but otherwise much like the majority of mankind. In character, style, beliefs and subject matter he is therefore a tough piece of gristle for the modern critical digestive tract. His main admirer in English has been Erika Ostrovsky, whose knowledge of him is obscured by her biographical bias and by an almost impenetrable style. Now Allen Thiher has turned on him the resources of academia: he has read all the articles, he leads us on a useful tour through the *oeuvre*, and he imposes on it some imposing literary theories about Céline's use of language and those delirious hallucinations. His theories are supported by some simple psychology, and the whole is colored by a dislike of Céline's egocentricity:

> Céline's refusal to go beyond his own misfortunes reduces his revolt against *délire* and its eviscerating agent, History, to a sterile caricature. Moreover, in spite of Céline's often brilliant pyrotechnics, in spite of the comic angle of vision his pariah complex gives him, one must regret that Céline's paranoia, seemingly founded on an obstinate will to perceive only what pleased him [sic], appears to be a defense mechanism by which he shields himself from knowledge that could destroy him.

It is a strange experience to emerge from Céline's work—as from a madhouse undergoing heavy air raids—into the cool light of Thiher's earnest and bloodless analysis. It's like turning from a battle to a diagram of it. The simple themes, motives and limitations that he finds in Céline's work may be there, but they are not where it's at. Mankind cannot bear very much reality, as a little bird told T. S. Eliot, and large doses of Céline are equally unnerving; but they ought to induce something more than this well-meaning academic reaction.

J. D. O'Hara

Showman and Propagandist

Marinetti: Selected Writings

edited and with an introduction by R. W. Flint translated by R. W. Flint and Arthur A. Coppotelli

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $12.95)

To make it new the vanguard artist must seem either more violently full or more appallingly empty than others. The Italian Futurist Marinetti, boasting of holding his heart in his fingers like a revolver, and the Frenchman Artaud, boasting of being "a complete abyss," are the contrasting types.

Avant-gardism thus belongs naturally to an age of shock. To explain his esthetic of "free words" Marinetti said: "The man who has witnessed an explosion does not stop to connect his sentences grammatically. He hurls at his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

listeners shrieks and substantives." In fact the best model for Futurism *is* an explosion, both being composed of destruction, speed, novelty, ubiquity and fearlessness.

It was the "professional passion for the past" that Marinetti sought to destroy. "Gifted Italians," his countryman Papini said, "like the damned in Dante, always look backward." In 1909, Marinetti set out to make them face forward instead, shouting a heroic greeting to the future. And there, just ahead, he scented violence: "All our blood, in waves, to recolor the sick dawns of the Earth!" But though he called man "that beast of prey," though he said "One must persecute, lash, torture all those who sin against speed," there was remarkably little malice in him. Violence was to him exuberance, the alcohol of the "creative ego" as, laughing, it tipped over monuments to clear a path for speeding cars.

As for speed itself, Marinetti recognized it as the physical equivalent of the future. Enough of lounging against cracked palace walls: rushing by in the streets was the "famished roar of automobiles." To this man of merciless energy the "primordial elements" themselves were racing with "enthusiastic fervor." Even as he called for "eyes and cheeks reddened by reflections from the fireboxes of locomotives," he and other Futurists sped up their writing by throwing punctuation, and sometimes syntax, out the side. Reforming typesetting, some made their words riot across the page and, in diminishing type, drew out syllables as if to mimic the fading screams from a roller coaster.

As the esthetic form of the future, novelty, of course, was a constant cry. "Everything that used to be is wrong, because it used to be. Everything that has not been is right, because it has not been." So Marinetti threw art upon "THE ABSOLUTE VALUE OF NOVELTY," where it could not help being frenetic, "antigraceful," "deformed," willful—no matter so long as it burst into the future.

To suffer "a passion for the future" is to yearn to enlarge the here and now, to "master Time and Space"—hence to bend the future round to a kind of stasis after all. But literature can do little to simulate ubiquity and simultaneity, and Marinetti was reduced to feints. Though he begins *The Untamables* by claiming to have liberated fiction from "narrative sequence," his turgid allegory is nonetheless a narrative. Then, too, his orchestration of colors and sounds, his "simultaneous polyexpression of the world," proves scarcely distinguishable from strained schoolboy effects. A certain nightingale's song, for instance, is

> a fountain of notes/tears/stars/ kisses that splashed back showering the second nightingale with preciosity.
>
> zozozozozozo
> zirradin tio tio
> tio tio tio

Here more than the nightingale is precious. How much better Marinetti is when, comparatively conventional, he makes aphorisms pop like starting guns: ". . . A roaring car that seems to ride on grapeshot is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace*." "We will glorify war—the world's only hygiene. . . ."

In fearlessness, the moral form of Futurism, Marinetti found the fuel for all the rest. Here again he took his lead from the dynamic matter of modern physics—its example being one of "courage, willpower, and absolute force." Like the classic school bully he sought "punch ups" almost daily; he led riots through an energetic Milan, spouted "free words" to amazed soldiers in a runaway train and was twice decorated for bravery. To him creative activity itself was "heroic," heroism being "the synthetic need to transcend human powers." This overreaching has the sole purpose of firing up life. There can be no Utopia, man is "dynamic," revolution must be perpetual, the individual life a constantly repeated explosion. This is the message of *The Untamables*—indeed, of all his work.

Marinetti's chief goal was to virilize the Italian spirit. His international esthetic influence, confused as it was with Cubism, later with Dadaism, was

HOLIDAY BOOK SPECIAL

It won't be long until the Christmas holidays, and you'll want some good books, at low prices, for your own reading pleasure as well as gifts to friends. Here are some special buys from The New Republic Book Stall that give you high value and large savings. Order three or more for 50% savings. Cash only and the postage and the handling is on us!

The New Exiles by Roger Neville Williams. $6.35 (publisher's price $7.95) The inside story of American war resisters in Canada, America's first political refugees. No. 0085

40 Days With The Enemy by Richard Dudman. $4.75 (publisher's price $5.95) The story of a journalist held captive by guerrillas in Cambodia. No. 0088

McNamara—His Ordeal in the Pentagon by Henry L. Trewhitt. $6.35 (publisher's price $7.95) The chief diplomatic correspondent of Newsweek tells how one extraordinary man arrived at the levers of power and how he performed there. No. 0089

Thirty Years of Treason selected and edited by Eric Bentley. $9.95 (publisher's price $15.00) Excerpts from hearings before the House Committee on Un-American Activities, 1938-68. No. 0092

Political Brokers edited by Judith G. Smith. $6.35 (publisher's price $7.95) This book investigates the people and pressures that interact to shape government policies. No. 0097

The Memoirs of Marshal Zhukov. $9.95 (publisher's price $15.00) This is an important book for understanding the role of the Soviet military in the USSR today. No. 0090

Mail to:
The New Republic, 381 W. Center St., Marion Ohio 43302

Enclosed is my check for $_____ for the books listed by number

_____ _____ _____ _____ _____

Please mail the books at your expense to:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to him entirely secondary, only so much proof of the "absolute preeminence" of "Italian creative genius." Outsized as his own ego was, Italy served him as a still larger one. Celebrating Mussolini as "a marvelous Futurist temperament," oohing over the flashing whites of his wolfish eyes, Marinetti helped make his ascendancy possible. But Mussolini came to scorn the Futurist as an "extravagant buffoon . . . whom nobody in Italy . . . takes seriously."

In fact both before and after the war many artists did. Still, Marinetti has undoubtedly faded. Time itself has outrun his Futurism. What he called "joy in desperation" has become increasingly harder to muster.

Yet Futurism did become part of the future, and not only in fascism but in happenings, dynamic cubism, action painting, architecture, electronic music, modern dance, McLuhanism and much more. Beyond question Marinetti enriched cultural life. He shook the tree and the fruit fell in the form of the paintings and sculptures of Boccioni, the paintings of Carrà, Severini, Russolo, the architecture of Sant 'Elia, then kept falling, and the tree is still trembling with his force today.

Because it includes little evidence of the pictorial genius of the Futurists, *Marinetti: Selected Writings* gives a feeble impression of the movement. It is almost all Marinetti and therefore tediously purple. Then, too, R. W. Flint's introduction, instead of easing one in, begins with and keeps up a note of immensely sophisticated chatter. It bubbles with casual information and opinion but is short on analysis.

Still, the volume is welcome, long past due. As Flint observes, "No dossier on revolution in the arts, or even on revolution in general, would be complete without a selection from the works of Filippo Tommaso Marinetti. . . ." He is one of modern art's great showmen-propagandists, a voice zooming by.

Calvin Bedient

Searching Out An Answerable Style

The Unknown Orwell

by Peter Stansky and William Abrahams

(Knopf; $8.95)

Right up to the brink of his 30s Eric Blair (not yet George Orwell) was composing a story in his head with himself at the center. He could not be intimate with anyone, but this deficiency proved not to be one; from his earliest years he made himself his own monitor and was able to shift his ground—from Wellington to Eton, on to police work in Burma, home to the chosen down-and-out life of Paris and London—without needing confidants. As a corollary to his independence—and the point is perhaps the best of all the many good points made in the fine new biography by Stansky and Abrahams—there was something wonderfully casual about the way Blair's experiences slowly forged a stern anti-imperialist. All the early failings and failures drawn on by the later Orwell—the gnawings of guilt and unhappiness, the sense of being unable to excel—had at the time their contented-enough side.

Blair participated, not exactly with gusto, in the routines required by his circumstances: wrote poems to order (*e.g.* on Kitchener's death) at his private school, worked up his classics at Eton, participated in "fives" and that special Etonian fracas called the Wall game, and indulged in schoolboy journalism (though he held aloof from the group at Eton—including Harold Acton, Christopher Hollis, Anthony Powell and Henry Green—who were contributors to a precocious magazine). He duly sat for examinations for the Burma police, and duly partook of the sahib attitudes during his training and subsequent service in that country. Then, leaving Burma, he was ready, though he had given no one any grounds to imagine him talented, to undertake becoming a writer; and so went "down and out" to get material, again methodically and with no apparent "social" sense at all. On the languidness of his approach to momentous decisions the authors are irreversibly convincing. As they say, "there is little reason to doubt that Blair enjoyed the greater part of his time in Paris." Even the down-and-out experiences were devoid of trauma and sensationalism. "Seldom," for example, the authors note, "can a book set in the lower depths of Paris have had so little to do with sexuality." How refreshing. They note also that from his position at the bottom, *plongeur* (dishwasher) in a Paris hotel, Orwell displayed an odd pride with respect to the hierarchy: "an eagerness to be recognized as a *'débrouillard,'* a man who could do the impossible."

There was one exception to the untraumatic routines in Paris, and it came when Blair fell sick and had to be treated at a charity hospital. "The significant point of these weeks in the Hôpital Cochin is that now he was among the poor, not as a visitor in tramp's clothing who after a night of self-abasement could return to his neat, austere digs and undergo the agony of writing his day's quota of words, but as one of them, one who suffered as they did, experienced the indignities, callousness, and stupidity which they endured as their lot. . . . Now, thanks to his experience in Hôpital Cochin, he understood that there was a point of knowing that took one beyond *what it was like* to *what it was.*" Fixing on this event as a turning point for the fledgling, the authors are careful to point out that it would be 17 years before Orwell could come to write "How the Poor Die." But they regard the event as the one which sent him in search of an answerable style.

That Blair had an aunt in Paris to whom he could have applied for money, or a return ticket home, the authors regard correctly as only a minor anomaly—a fact that simply brought out the young man's tenaciousness—hence they make no apologies for artificiality. The Paris adventures were one man's way of defining a way to become trained, and to put himself at the service of something—and Blair's neutrality toward them bears out the insistent separation of writer and man, a major

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

theme of this book.

For the feat of this biography is to keep Blair and Orwell apart. It will have a sequel, dealing with the writer in his maturity, and in this respect may be reminiscent of George Painter's two-volume biography of Proust. To compare the Stansky-Abrahams effort with that masterpiece may seem presumptuous, but there are some grounds for doing so. Different styles—even, admittedly, different scope—are involved, but that is to the point. One of the reasons for Painter's tremendous success is the affinity between himself and Proust, in the sense of the meticulousness of their manner of qualifying as they produce their interminable sentences. The sensibilities of biographer and subject might be said to be similarly in league with the present case, where Orwell's biographers display the same basic kind of craftsmanship—an astonishing feat for a book of double authorship, where usually the style is undistinguished and the necessary singularity of vision simply missing. Stansky and Abrahams credit Orwell with being master of the plain style, but they are masters of it themselves.

The only section of the book that is mildly disappointing is that on Burma. The section before it, on Eton, is so packed full of information that Americans might regard it as a kind of bonus. It would be hard to learn more about the famous school in similar space. But the information about Blair in Burma is by contrast skimpy. The skimpiness is all the more regrettable since the authors would like to make a strong case about the origins of Blair/Orwell's quest for justice. They hold that the Burmese experience was the remote and deep cause, the later slum experiences only the symptom, of the coming alive of the writer's conscience: "for if he had been at the top and was served by those at the bottom in Burma, now it was he who served [in Paris]: the sahib had become the victim."

Except for the fact that they depart slightly from the spirit of their work in the "Burma" section, where they are forced to overdraw on the late Orwellian essays, "Shooting an Elephant" and "A Hanging," their accomplishment is commendably balanced. The biography is all of a piece, written with precision and clarity that equal, possibly surpass, Orwell's own.

John Russell

Jack

A few frail beans thrown overnight from a high window
onto some earth below
in disgust
because he had traded a cow for them left him dreaming
so strenuously
that his muscles ached and he could hardly lie down
again by morning
to be awakened by a mermaid from a nearby creek
combing his leafy
spinach hair, diving for pennies in the swimming light, excreting
vegetable dye from her long green tail.
His mother was aghast when she saw the giant
asparagus
that would never fit into a pot and would be too tough
to feed them;
holding on to the pink nubs like breasts in his velvet tunic
with soft leather high boots, thinking about angels
and traveller's checks
he got out the hard-boiled egg sandwich that she had thrown
into a bag for him
and climbed until he wanted only his dinner, and to eat it
in the kitchen,
never dreaming that he would meet a girl who laid golden eggs.

This girl didn't want to be told fairy tales; nobody, she said,
knew her life.
She was dressed in rags and was on a water diet, had married
the wrong man and once a month
produced a solid extralarge 14 karat egg that she banged
down repeatedly on the desks of chief-surgeons and the heads
of hospitals
but all they could think to do was take off her breasts.
Jack carried her down the beanstalk in a sling to his mother.
And started up again.

This time the giant was waiting for him.
A gigantic egg slicer, open in the courtyard just where the top-
most tip touched lawn,
stood ready to slice the boy whole for a delicious hero sandwich
on Italian bread.
Only the breeze shuttling on the sharp cords made woeful harp-
music
like a siren in love warning Odysseus away.
And then it was he saw the giant's diminutive daughter, washing
king-sized drawers
standing on a ladder bent over a raised swimming pool such as
one sees in the perspiring backyards of the middle-class poor
with a handle like a pail.
Half-way down the beanstalk, girdled by her consenting arms
and legs, he remembered to ask the high-born girl
her name,
but when she buzzed in his ear the dizzying monosyllable famous
from childhood, they fell. Jack &

Jill, Jack & Jill.
They could be seen for days, like a man in an open
elevator shaft
who had not finished a remark to his comrades. Cartwheels of
surprise, surprise.
And everyone who saw them never believed in fairy tales again.

JILL HOFFMAN

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ezra Pound 1884—1972

For most Americans Ezra Pound is a dim avant-garde expatriate, but for a few hundred sympathizers he is a major literary figure. For those few the recent critical biography, *The Pound Era*, by Hugh Kenner is appropriately entitled; they think there *was* a Pound era and that it began in London around 1912 when Pound began shipping poems and instructions about poetry to Harriet Monroe in Chicago. To find out what the era consisted of, think the few, one merely takes in college any course that is called, or used to be called, modern poetry. Modern poetry is, or was, Pound—Pound mixed in with Eliot, Yeats and a half dozen others.

I was brought up as one of the few, and so must speak personally. I was too young to know about the early days of the era except as history—and unquestionably the early days were *the* days—but in 1939 I did meet the big red-bearded mythological person in the flesh in New Haven, where he was my family's guest for one night and stuffed all my mother's best towels, wet, under his bed before coming into the living room to read his copy of Li Po before us and inform us that it was "restful." There was also in that year his extraordinary contribution to the first issue of a poetry magazine that my roommate at Yale and I had just begun, *Furioso*. The contribution was a one-page "Introductory Textbook" in economics, consisting of four short quotations from John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln and George Washington that he generously supplied us rather than the important poem we had been expecting. For later issues of *Furioso* he did give us some poems—such as the unremarkable "lesson no school book teaches:/Women's bums are often/Too big for their breeches"—but he did not grace our pages with important Pound until the death of Ford Madox Ford, when we succeeded in extracting from him an obituary. His first words there could now stand, with a change of month, as the kernel of his own obit: "There passed from us this June a very gallant combatant for those things of the mind and letters which have been in our time too little prized. There passed a man who took in his time more punishment of one sort and another than I have seen meted out to anyone else. . . ."

Gallant combatant, yes. Surely Pound was thinking of himself, and most characteristically, when he wrote those words about Ford. Early in Pound's own verse is to be found "The Goodly Fere," that describes Christ as a good fighting man, not one of your namby-pamby lamb types. That image—of the savior and himself—never deserted him. He became a sort of art-tiger raging around in Western culture, knocking off mediocrity, usury, shoddiness, iambic. My guess is that Pound will be remembered for his fighting longer than for his poetry. Pound was the one who should have been the pugilist, not Hemingway.

Things of the mind and letters . . . too little prized. Yes again. Things too little prized are what he fought *for*, against those partly imaginary enemies, the bourgeoisie and their institutions, from *The Saturday Evening Post* to the University of Pennsylvania. He fought for the well-made line, the clean image, the unpropagandized perception. He fought, as he says in one of his best poems, for a few broken statues and battered books. He fought for a world where the best would preside, and though he was so egotistical that he kept finding the best being made or remade in his own neighborhood, he was right quite often. Sometimes he fought with despairing irony, as in the Mauberly poems; and sometimes he fought hotly and openly, as in his many angry letters. But he always fought, and fought for his notion of the best.

Who took in his time more punishment . . . yes: His punishment began before his incarceration at Pisa and did not end when he was released from St. Elizabeth's Hospital. He was punished by the judges and by the doctors, who may have been right, but he was also punished by himself. He had large expectations of and for himself as an artist, expectations that remained unfulfilled. That great poem that his cantos were to be did not become, finally, a great poem but only a collection of occasionally great lyric fragments. Nor did any of his high plans for the improvement of society and art ever descend from the mountains and take hold except among a few, as at Black Mountain. Late photographs of him show us a face of darkness, of losses for which there is no consoling.

He has been dead as a creator for a number of years but he is dead now, at 88, in the books, and spread around—as Auden put it about Yeats—among his admirers. His admirers will continue to think of him as a gallant combatant for the prized things, and will be right; and the rest of the world will think of him—if they think of him at all—as an exotic eccentric, and will be right too. He was unique, one of America's strangest emanations. His era, if it was an era, is over.

Reed Whittemore

In Brief

Sadness
by Donald Barthelme

(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $5.95)

There are many authors—Homer, Shakespeare, Yeats—whom we read because they tell us about life; and there are a few whom we read because they tell us about life *now*, life as shaped (ephemerally, let us hope) by the specific troubles, desires and sadnesses of our particular time and place. These writers speak to us directly. They use the dialects of our tribes, the events of our newspapers, the stage props from our ads; to another age they would often be unintelligible. What could Shakespeare's age, or Homer's, have made of this?

> Our evenings lacked promise. The world in the evening seems fraught with the absence of promise, if you are a married man. There is nothing to do but go home and drink your nine drinks and forget about it.

But if the writer of these immediate raids on reality is sufficiently clear-sighted and sharp of hearing, he will report both the transient and the permanent; in our dialects and situations he will be able to catch the underlying reality as well, even in a brief glimpse of Christmas dinner preparations or in a letter from a girl's lover to her psychiatrist:

> "God damn this turkey!" Perpetua's mother shouted. "If anyone knew how I hate, loathe, and despise turkeys. If I had known that I would cook eighty-seven separate and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

distinct turkeys in my life, I would have split forty-four years ago. I would have been long gone for the tall timber."

What do you do with a patient who finds the world unsatisfactory? The world *is* unsatisfactory; only a fool would deny it. I realize that your own ongoing psychic structuralization is still going on—you are thirty-seven and I am forty-one—but you must be old enough by now to realize that shit is shit.

Among these reporters of our current status, Donald Barthelme is preeminent. He has imitators by the score, but no competitors, and he appears to have limitless resources. *Sadness* is his fourth collection of remarkable stories (there are also two novels, one suppressed, the other *Snow White*), and yet his inventiveness and clearsightedness show no signs of wear. Others, especially S. J. Perelman, had shown us the amusing possibilities of mixed diction, slang, jargon and cliché; but where Perelman's aim was to parody those perversions of language, Barthelme shows us how the style's falsity relates to the content's futility. For instance, one of his narrators comments on a problem that has been around since Venus left Vulcan for Mars: "As a flower moves toward the florist, women move toward men who are not good for them. Self-actualization is not to be achieved in terms of another person, but you don't know that, when you begin." In this brief passage the narrator moves from a humorously slanted "poetic" simile into a practical perception, which he generalizes and explains in psychiatric terms; then he trails off into regretful reflection. It's as if he were trying on various styles and modes of knowledge in the hope of finding one that would enable him to accept the facts. In Barthelme's imitators, such pastiches of style usually indicate the author's indifference or superiority; but in Barthelme's writing, serious commitment and pain leak through all these hastily thrown together verbal dikes.

So does the real world. In a more optimistic time, T. S. Eliot told us that the ordinary man "falls in love, or reads Spinoza, and these two experiences have nothing to do with each other, or with the noise of the typewriter or the smell of cooking; in the mind of the poet these experiences are always forming new wholes." But we are all, poets and peasants alike, the fragmented victims of an information explosion. Things fall apart; the mind cannot amalgamate them. A character brooding (evasively) over capitalism exists in a world where "my daughter demands more Mr. Bubble for her bath. The shrimp boats lower their nets. A book called *Humorists of the 18th Century* is published." Another, trying to cheer up, reminds himself that "there are wretches worse off than you, people whose trepanations have not been successful, girls who have not been invited to the sexual revolution, priests still frocked. It is seven-thirty."

Because it hurts, life must be taken seriously. But to take one's self seriously is bad manners, and may be fatal. What then are we to do as we sit restlessly in our entropic seats, rustling our programs and waiting for Gabriel to blow the horns of this dilemma? "The self cannot be escaped, but it can be, with ingenuity and hard work, distracted. There are always openings, if you can find them, there is always something to do." Reading Barthelme is highly recommended.

Memoirs of a Not Altogether Shy Pornographer by Bernard Wolfe

(Doubleday; $7.95)

This is the autobiography of a very bright boy who grew up in the Dixwell Avenue ghetto of New Haven and went to Yale as a scholarship boy: he remembers Yale's uncomprehending kindness with considerable bitterness. After Yale, he wandered about, trying to find out where and who he was. For a while he was low man on the totem pole in the longshoremen's hiring halls and at another time (he says) a fund-raiser for the Denver Jewish Hospital for the Tuberculous Poor. He did a stretch as one of Trotsky's secretaries in Coyoacán and some infighting with Stalinist fakes in Greenwich Village, where he also wrestled, physically and mentally, with paranoid girls from Provo, Utah. His biggest triumph was a grotesquely comic episode during which he wrote pornography at $2.00 a page for private circulation. The book ends when Mr. Wolfe settles into a permanent career at the start of World War II. Up and Out, as he says.

Memoirs of a Not Altogether Shy Pornographer is written in a hopped-up comic style that is sometimes quite funny: "... the only squawk I myself had against our boss was his demagogic insistence on his constitutional right to go on breathing; I was certain that in drawing up the Bill of Rights our forefathers had not for a moment meant to allow for such a ludicrously loose interpretation of their text." But Wolfe can't keep it so good as that all the time; even if he could, the style gets monotonous and is often painfully incongruous with feelings such as those he quite rightly has for his heroic mother. Sitting in a bar like some Raymond Chandler character staring at yourself in a fly-blown mirror and giving off with wisecracks is inadequate to such occasions.

The True History of the First Mrs. Meredith and Other Lesser Lives by Diane Johnson

(Knopf; $7.95)

Mary Ellen Peacock Meredith (1821-1861) was born to Thomas Love Peacock, prominent author, bon vivant and successful careerist in the East India Company. Her plain mother, surprised from spinsterhood into marriage, lasted several confinements and then went predictably mad. Thereafter, as in many a Victorian home, she was confined to a remote part of the house while Mary Ellen, first born and beloved, became her father's companion with easy access to the greats in the Romantic and pre-Raphaelite groups. It was no surprise, therefore, that at a suitable age this beautiful, spirited girl married an equally dashing nobleman only to lose him two months later in a tragic drowning. She proved, however, neither the typical widow nor conventional mother of an orphaned baby. After suitable mourning, Mary Ellen reentered her familiar elite circles at whose outskirts stood young, unknown George Meredith. She was seven years his senior and, temperamentally, generations apart. Nevertheless, this disharmonious pair married, wrote together, parented and buried numerous infants, endured poverty, tore at each other's basic interests and ended their union scandalously. For Mary Ellen left Meredith to live with a minor painter, Henry Wallis and bear his son. Eventually she deserted even her lover, and she suffered a few years of illness and dwindling light until death replaced ignominy.

Mary Ellen was, in fact and person, uniquely qualified to play the role of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

feminine rebel against Victorian shibboleths. Her biographer Diane Johnson, a young writer with three novels to her credit, has skillfully interwoven the past of this beautiful shadow with the giants of her time and, coincidentally, given her prophetic importance. She writes with that kind of rare talent which combines research and romance without self-conscious pedantry. This book is delightfully full of sound and foam.

The Western Coast by Paula Fox

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95)

Annie Gianfala, neglected child of the East Coast, is marooned on the West and wants out. Without family, young Annie stumbles into a foolish marriage and wanders westward aimlessly in search of something faintly resembling happiness. The time is World War II, before-during-and-after, and if there is a form of minor tragedy that she doesn't encounter, only a devoted misanthrope will find it. Marriage to a wandering seaman who flirts with communism, a personal insult known as a tapeworm, encounters with the fringes of the movie business, suicides and various forms of sex—it's all of a piece with Annie.

But just as this litany of tragedy begins to lean heavily on the edge of credibility, Paula Fox makes you forget implausibility by her unusual ability to write about human beings and their small, fiercely revealing moments. Her first novel, *Desperate Characters*, was perhaps more successful, but both display a fine talent.

Reconsideration

John O'Hara

It is disappointing to come back to *Butterfield 8* thirty odd years later. It seemed so satisfying a book in its day, a *This Side of Paradise* for the depression decade (it appeared in 1935). Rereading it today, you wonder whether O'Hara was ever really what we thought him then, at the beginning of his career, or whether he was always something a good deal less. Did he ever have a genuine insight into his times, or did he merely have a newspaper reporter's knowingness about small-town bootleggers and priests, New York nightclubs and Hollywood restaurants, Harrisburg whores and the Scranton rich?

Butterfield 8
by John O'Hara
originally published in 1935
by Harcourt, Brace and Company
Now available from Bantam, $.95
and Modern Library, $2.95

Maybe this question nags us today because we have read O'Hara's later work, in which he no longer depends on impressionistic detail and implied meaning, as he does in his early work, but dots every i and crosses every t, and thus forces on our attention the shallowness and sensationalism of his sense of life. At his best, as in *Ourselves to Know*, the late O'Hara recreates vividly the life of the small Pennsylvania town that he knows intimately—in this instance, the Lykens where young O'Hara—like Gerald Higgins, the narrator of *Ourselves to Know*—spent many happy summers with his grandparents. This recreation has great charm: those parlor cars on the Pennsylvania trains from Harrisburg to Lykens; those Victorian interiors with their fumed oak, their hardwood floors, their velvet portieres; those devoted and independent Irish maids. O'Hara remembers everything about that world; he makes its place and time and social habits marvelously real for us.

But the story in *Ourselves to Know* is another matter. It is long and elaborate and laborious—to little or no purpose. We hear it through a narrator, Gerald Higgins, who gets it, by remarkably clumsy and implausible means, from its central figure, Robert Millhouser. No believable reason is given for Gerald's long, unlikely dedication to learning the whole story; and it is difficult to believe that Robert Millhouser, after a lifetime of dignified silence, would suddenly pour out his most intimate secrets to someone like Gerald Higgins. These failures might be excusable if O'Hara's method of narration added anything to our understanding of the story or even provided an occasion for commentary that did (as, for example, the commentary of Marlow in *Lord Jim* does). But it doesn't.

O'Hara's prose was never distinguished ("As the 1906-1907 winter season passed, socially and meteorologically, Robert and Hedda Millhouser became a more familiar unit as a married couple"). When O'Hara launches into moral commentary, the effect is made a good deal worse by the addition of a distinct air of a man who thinks he is going great: "The punishment never fits the crime, according to my way of thinking," O'Hara has his wise man say. "Punishment is a square peg, crime is a round hole," etc., for paragraphs at a time. What such comments add up to is a tabloid newspaper's alternately sentimental and sensational view of life, a view that characteristically takes extreme forms of behavior—especially of sexual behavior—and unusual circumstances as typical.

For example, Hedda, the book's heroine, takes special pleasure in handling men's genitals and does not hesitate to do so more or less publicly, as on the Fort Penn railway station platform. No

MAO AND CHINA
From Revolution to Revolution
by Stanley Karnow
introduction by John K. Fairbank
Mao Tse-tung believes in revolution and he has repeatedly pitted himself against the party apparatus he nominally heads. In an unprecedented and dramatic account, Stanley Karnow tells the story of the most convulsive of these mass movements— the Cultural Revolution —and of how it changed the course of Chinese history during the past eight years.
"Splendid. . . . This book *is* history." —ERIC WIDMER, *The History Book Club Review*
$15.00
THE VIKING PRESS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

doubt such things happened occasionally back then, as they do occasionally now: everything conceivable happens occasionally. But they were certainly not characteristic then, as they are not now, as O'Hara assumes. These representations of extravagant sexual behavior in otherwise carefully realistic settings are the basic stuff of sexual fantasy, of pornography. O'Hara then "explains" Hedda's sexual oddity by a pseudo-Freudian account of her early corruption by a groom (a groom!). Only the explanation runs away from him into sexual fantasy and it is Hedda who corrupts the groom—for what reason we are still to seek.

Robert Millhouser's almost wholly dehumanized desire for a girl 20 years younger than he is, after 40 years of a quietly cultivated, well-adjusted life, is never explained at all, nor is his uncharacteristically impulsive decision to kill Hedda when she is unfaithful to him. O'Hara's description of the novel's town, Lyons, alternates between idealizing nostalgia and romantic cynicism. Its businessmen, especially the ones modeled on his grandfather and his friends, are filled with civic rectitude; but the county jail is so hopelessly corrupt a place that even the guards are a regular part of its homosexual network.

Like such later novels as *Ourselves to Know*, *Butterfield 8* is vivid with local color, this time of New York in the 1930s (the events of the novel take place in 1931). We are taken to the special speakeasy where "the Chicago mob hangs out in New York"; we learn about typical figures of the time like Ivy Lee (O'Hara can tell us his salary and his middle name); we are told who is the most popular professor at Bryn Mawr and who is the best cartoonist in an Eastern college; we find out when 21 opens on Sundays and where it was on West 49th Street before it moved to West 52nd. O'Hara thinks at least that he can tell what makes a Yale man from Pittsburgh find an upperclass Boston girl irresistible and how a large variety of New Yorkers of the period look and act: "She would rub her hair, trying to dry it, then she would wipe her fingers on the shoulder part of her dressing gown, and her fingers would slide along the front of her body and halt at the breast," etc. (Later writers like Salinger would work this trick to death.) He gives little talks on social history: "Gloria missed by ten years being a 'flapper'; that is, if she had been born ten years sooner she might have qualified in 1921 as a flapper." Probably it was this interest in social history that led O'Hara to try to use the form Dos Passos more or less invented for *Manhattan Transfer*. But O'Hara sticks with this form for only half of the book, and even when he does, it is not successful. His supposedly representative stories of typical New York lives are never convincingly representative; this is specially obvious in the case of Jimmy Malloy who represents O'Hara's idea of himself. Jimmy gives him irresistible opportunities for irrelevant, self-justifying lectures on how Jim wears Brooks Brothers clothes and is often mistaken by Yale men for a Yale man but is still not truly assimilated because once a Mick always a Mick. The rest of the subordinate stories usually go wrong because O'Hara cannot resist making them implausibly sensational.

This is what goes wrong, too, with his central story, the story of Gloria Wandrous, who might have been a flapper had she been born 10 years earlier but who is in the '30s something even more thrillingly sinister. (It is hinted that lesbian episodes are common in her world!) It is characteristic that O'Hara chose to model Gloria's story on the story of Starr Faithfull, whose murder was a front-page sensation throughout the summer of 1931. It is also characteristic that he should have made his story a good deal more sensational than Starr's was. He makes much of the fact that Starr was molested as a child and then invents a thoroughly nasty, canting, high school principal—a character about as plausible as the villain of a mid-Victorian melodrama—who corrupts Gloria as a teenager—a process, O'Hara suggests, made much easier by her earlier experience. "Within a month he had her sniffing ether and loving it. It, and everything that went on in that room."

Despite all her conditioning by these wicked influences Gloria remains pure in heart though touchingly confused, a bad girl but one who has, inside, an innocent, monogamous girl trying to get out. This is a familiar type, the good- or pure-hearted prostitute of late Victorian fiction who, in spite of the wickedness she has been driven to by evil influences, remains a sort of sexy Mary Pickford. O'Hara's conception of the power of romantic love is very idealistic: "But this I know, that for the rest of our lives, whenever we see each other, if I look into your eyes and you look into mine, and we see the thing that we see now—nothing can stop us, can it?" According to O'Hara, the true tragedy of Gloria's life is that a great love of this kind has been lost for her by the innocently reckless way she lives while her pure self is trying to be born.

Because she is, however confusedly, pure in heart, Gloria half senses her danger. She takes up with a group of Yale boys who are devoted to drinking to the exclusion of sleeping around; with them she can be just a buddy. But one night one of them sleeps with her and that spoils it. She discovers bitterly that her one happy friendship with a young man cannot come to its logical climax in a serious love affair because her friend cannot endure the thought of all the other men she has slept with. Ultimately this not having "kept herself pure" for "the one who counts" destroys her relation with the middle-aged Weston Liggett, whom she comes to love truly and who loves her. What she longs to be is Weston's wife, "and I'll be a good wife, too." (This dream of retrieved chastity and conventional marriage is something O'Hara found in Starr Faithfull's feelings for her doctor friend, Jameson-Carr; but he takes it far more seriously than anyone who knew Starr seems to have.)

When, at the end of the novel, Liggett pursues Gloria onto the Boston night boat, what matters to her is that he has told his wife he loves Gloria, an act that convinces her he really does want her for a wife. It is, similarly, Liggett's failure to treat her with the consideration due a wife that leads to her death. He won't accept her need not to sleep with him in that grubby cabin on the night boat. "Those sheets," she says. "They weigh a ton. Damp. Cold. . . . Oh the whole thing. Like a travelling salesman and his chippy." "We're as good as

COMING: Melville Ulmer reviews Christopher Jencks' *Inequality*

"AT THE END *of the Second World War, the typical American university and college began to shift from intellectual activity to psychiatric activity. Behemoth State University invited all comers — the veterans, the confused children of affluence, presently the 'culturally disadvantaged' minority. Instead of disciplining their minds, which they distinctly didn't desire, the university began to minister to their feelings.*"

For a free copy of NATIONAL REVIEW, write: Dept. L, 150 E. 35 Street, N. Y. 10016. nr

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

married now," Liggett urges. "Signing a lot of papers won't make us more so." "Yes, it will. Not signing the papers, but what the papers imply."

But Liggett can't resist pressing her and, in despair at not finding the respectful and respectable love she wants above everything—the true source of the despair she has felt from the first paragraph of the novel—she leaves Liggett and, when he follows her to apologize, she thinks he is coming to importune her again and, running from him in a panic, she trips over a railing and falls into the ship's paddle wheel. The novel ends in a bittersweet, pointedly indirect scene in which Jim Malloy interviews Gloria's friend Eddie Brunner; he starts with Gloria and ends up telling Eddie he means to get married (as does Eddie also) in a thoroughly conventional way. "I have a novel to finish," he says (the novel we are reading). "As soon as I finish it and get the dough and stay on the wagon three months." Poor Gloria, whom no one would love in that conventional, marrying way. Like everything else in the novel that sentimental-cynical ending suggests that somehow Gloria, for all her mistakes, had a higher idea of love than these conventional people, that somehow Eddie Brunner was worse off for having decided to marry his perfectly ordinary, unexciting girl instead of Gloria, and that there is something wryly tragic in Gloria's longing for conventional love and marriage. It's really pretty bad. It leaves you feeling that, despite O'Hara's penetrating curiosity about the socially revealing details of life in his time—the clubs, the in-names, "the dope" (as people said then) on everything—his essential values were hardly superior to those of a magazine-fiction writer.

Arthur Mizener

Correspondence

Parochial School Aid

Sirs:

In "Aid to Parochial Schools" (*TNR*, Oct. 7, 1972) Adam Walinsky has offered a new and refreshing solution not only to the problems of parochial schools, but also to many other underfinanced charities. However, I can imagine that with the method suggested, there could arise great pressures upon the individual by his employer, priest, alma mater, etc. to give his tax credit to a particular charity. Under the suggested method, it could become the case that giving to a charity would be almost mandatory. As a result, dubious charities could put on strong campaigns for this "free" money which individuals have available to contribute.

To maintain the individual's sense of responsibility and to help the individual weigh the virtues of various alternative charities and tax-deductible organizations, I would suggest that two-thirds of an individual's gift be allowed as a tax credit—up to $25 for individuals and $50 for couples. Thus, if a couple gave $75 to an organization, $50 would be allowed as a tax credit and the additional $25 could still be deducted from gross income as is presently done.

I think such a method will preserve the integrity of the individual's donation, while also providing sufficient incentive to raise the money needed by various organizations.

Jon N. Torgerson
Drake University
Des Moines, Iowa

Sirs:

As a former law school dean, I was appalled by the logic in Nathan Lewin's article (*TNR*, Oct. 21) advocating the tax credit plan for providing public subsidies for parochial and private schools. That Richard Nixon and George McGovern have both endorsed this plan is of no consequence, save perhaps to damn it. Both evidently believe there is a substantial sectarian bloc vote to be swung by promises of tax aid for parochial schools. I would prefer to take my stand with John and Robert Kennedy, both of whom opposed tax aid for parochial schools on principle.

Is tax credit parochiaid constitutional? No! On October 10 the Supreme Court affirmed a unanimous April 17 ruling by a three-judge federal court in Ohio holding unconstitutional that state's plan to reimburse parents for tuition paid to parochial and private schools. The difference between the quashed Ohio tuition reimbursement plan and a tax credit tuition reimbursement plan is so slight as to be constitutionally insignificant. The tax credit plan is no more indirect than the Ohio plan. The Ohio court, backed now by the authority of the United States Supreme Court, held that "payment to the parent for transmittal to the denominational school does not have a cleansing effect and somehow cause the funds to lose their identity as public funds . . . (T)he Court has held with unvarying regularity that one may not do by indirection what is forbidden directly; one may not by form alone contradict the substance of a transaction."

Lewin errs in saying that there are 12 states in which the Catholic parochial school enrollment exceeds 15 percent of the total school population. There are only five such states—Illinois (15.2 percent), New Jersey (16.5 percent), New York (16.3 percent), Pennsylvania (17.2 percent) and Rhode Island (16.8 percent). These figures are for the 1969-70 school year and parochial enrollments have continued to decline since then. Moreover, with the national birth rate now 12 percent below what it averaged for the years in which the present school population was born, the steady decline in parochial enrollment projected between now and 1984 should impose no serious stresses on public schools and, in fact, will probably result in greater public support for public education.

Since parochial schools exist primarily to inculcate the teachings of particular religious traditions, even indirect tax aid to such schools is tantamount to forcing all citizens to contribute to the support of religious institutions, in violation of their First Amendment rights. The tax credit plan would also lead to government control and forced secularization of church schools.

Glenn L. Archer
Americans United for Separation of Church and State
Silver Spring, Maryland

Busing

Sirs:

Alexander Bickel (*TNR*, Sept. 23 and Sept. 30) has done it again—written a lengthy treatise on busing and failed to clarify the issues or present any workable alternatives. . . . For today's children, we must use busing as a tool in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

desegregating schools.

Our small, mid-American city with a school population of about 20 percent black began having overt racial problems in the mid-'60s. Slowly but surely the city and school board developed plans to improve the schools and eliminate racial imbalance. The negative effects of our black schools ("black" by virtue of residential segregation) were recognized officially. All the forces for good in our city—the churches, the chamber of commerce, service and liberal organizations—worked to support the schools with their goal of desegregation. But when the decision to act was made, the anti-busing forces emerged as a political majority and voted in a new school board which fired the superintendent of schools and rescinded the plan to desegregate. The federal courts then had to be used to reinstate the plan, using busing. Our schools are in the second year of desegregation and our children are having successful educational experiences and invaluable social ones in our unified schools.

Busing must be used, and it will have to be used across district lines so that the "haves" in our metropolitan areas cannot continue to flee. Suburbs exist with all their wealth and advantages because of the large cities they surround. Suburbanites cannot depend on cities for their well-being and then abdicate when it comes to making the sacrifices necessary to provide today's children—all of them—with the unified schools they deserve. Inner city schools can be as well-decorated, staffed and equipped as today's suburban ones, but the fact is they won't be until white, middle-class children attend them. The power to achieve unified schools, even though the laws of our land call for them, is currently not available in America outside the courtroom.

Ms. Karen N. Miller
NAACP Executive Board
Kalamazoo, Michigan

Weather Watching

Sirs:

"Making War with the Weather," by Mr. Peter J. Ognibene (*TNR*, Sept. 30, is a very commendable survey of a very serious problem. I have been deeply involved for almost a decade in efforts to bring cloud seeding under real control. The following facts are significant: (1) Rain cannot be made; it can only be redistributed. (2) The usual result of seeding in the long run is to decrease precipitation and to intensify drought and floods. Hence, its great value in warfare. (3) Hail suppression generally is rain suppression. (4) Silver iodide is a deadly poison. Silver accumulates in the body and acts as mercury does. (5) There is considerable evidence that both Hurricane Camille (1969) and Hurricane Agnes (1972) were intensified and rerouted by cloud seeding. (6) Cloud seeding stabilizes the atmosphere, producing dead air and trapping pollutants.

William L. Kinter
Baltimore, Maryland

Kauffmann, *from page 18*

Brecht, unappealing though he seems to have been personally, went through no comparable esthetic change.

It was pathetic to hear these four young Americans fumbling with the Brecht-Weill songs the day after I heard Gisela May, but they did passably with later Weill. I particularly liked Margery Cohen singing "That's Him," with those spry lyrics by Ogden Nash.

The problem of repertory is here to plague us again. I put this in no smart-aleck vein—I spent 10 early years of my life in such a group—but it's hard to see the subject as anything but a problem. Ideally, true repertory (which most so-called repertory companies today are not) is the perfect system for actors. They have the chance to play several roles in a season and to "come back" to each role during the season with refreshment. But theaters do not exist for theater people. The reason that opera and ballet companies still use repertory is the same reason that the theater today does not: audience interest. Translated, this reads "economics." If there were sufficient audience for "runs" of opera and ballet, that would pretty much be the end of *their* repertory system. Theater audiences are now accustomed, in a metropolis, to choosing among theaters, not among plays in one theater. It's quite irritating, for us today, to want to see a show and find that the theater won't have it back for weeks. (Happened to me in London last summer, with the National and the Royal Shakespeare.)

Outside the biggest cities, repertory makes more sense, but then only on tour. A company resident in a city with, say, a three-week audience for each play, is wiser to play six plays for three weeks each than to put on all six in the first three weeks and then shuffle them for the rest of the season. (Anything else is solipsist from the actors' view.) A company that *visits* that city for three weeks is of course better off with a repertory of six choices instead of one.

The whole social-cultural drift is against repertory. Union rules make it costly. Employment opportunities for actors are much more varied than in the high repertory days, and seduce them out of any permanence in the company (one of the real reasons for the system). Also, and important, American audiences have been conditioned to expect prominent virtuosos or, at least, personalities in a cast, rather than an ensemble of putatively equal merit and blended personalities.

In this inimical atmosphere, the City Center Acting Company has had the courage to begin. The group is made up of former students at the Drama Division of the Juilliard School whose head is John Houseman; he is also the artistic director of the company. Last spring they gave a public season at Juilliard where I saw Middleton's *Women Beware Women*. Adopted by the City Center, they have been (wisely) touring under their new name and are now presenting six plays in New York before they go on tour again. Here I have seen two more productions, Behan's *The Hostage* and the Paul Shyre adaptation of Dos Passos' *U. S. A.*

On the basis of these three productions, I think it fair to say that this new company does much to underscore the problem of repertory but nothing to solve it. The level of work is something below middling; the tacit appeal throughout is "Give us a chance to grow." Only in the theater do performers think they have a right to ask audiences to invest time, let alone money, to watch them beginning so far back.

On the credit side, they have their enthusiasm and barely respectable technical accomplishment. They have, most notably, the ability to learn, as evidenced in the Middleton production directed by Michael Kahn, which is well schooled in several senses of the word. They have a few vital actors, Sam

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tsoutsouvas in Middleton, Benjamin Hendrickson and Mary Ann Negro in *U. S. A.*, Negro and Dakin Matthews in *The Hostage*. But they have an inadequate leading man, Norman Snow, one of the many in the group who manufacture facial and emotional attitudes as instructed. The worst of these is their leading character woman, Mary Lou Rosato, who is very young to be so confirmed in surface mannerisms without even any technical dash to make them interesting.

Fundamentally, the chief offender is Houseman. Surely it was a mistake for him to have each of the company's six plays directed by a different director. (Of the three directors whose work I've seen, Kahn is competent, Anne McNaughton who did *U. S. A.* is not, and Gene Lesser, who did *The Beggar's Opera* last season, shows in *The Hostage* that he is already a specialist in ersatz *brio*.) What a young company needs is to work under a strong director, at most two, in its first year, not to respond to six different directors at once. How many good ensembles in history began with six directors? Imagine starting a symphony orchestra with six different conductors.

Still, because they've picked a tough row to hoe with their faulty tools, good luck to this company.

Personals

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS LETTER gets cultured, marriage-oriented, single, widowed, or divorced persons acquainted. Box AE, Swarthmore, Pa. 19081.

VIC AND SADE: *The Small House Halfway Up In The Next Block*. Ray Bradbury Foreword, Autographed by Mrs. Paul Rhymer. $8.25 ppd. THE ATHENAEUM, 1937 Central, Evanston, Ill. 60201.

ESTABLISHED SCULPTOR imaginatively expresses people concepts; family, fulfillment, racial, love. Vaughn Kendrick, 456 East Oakwood, Barrington, Ill. 60010.

MAN, 66, invites correspondence: literature, politics. Fulton Catlin, 1703 Washington Street, Huntingdon, Pa. 16652.

HOROSCOPE: 10-page report. Send birth information, $10.00: Michael Wood, 17 Perry Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

JEWISH WALDEN TWO? Write Jubilee-R, Rt. 4 Box 128, Temple, Texas 76501.

OUTSTANDING imprinted personal stationery. Social-professional. Idea-Packed sampler-catalog—25¢. Jacques Stationery, Box 395-N, Wallingford, Vermont 05773.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year bimonthly training course free. Write MEDITATIONS, P.O. Box 566 N, Ojai, California 93023.

DID YOU DO DECORATIVE EMBROIDERY while in the Navy? I might buy it. Send details to New Republic, Box 6295.

Personals

MAKE YOUR WILL. Why delay? Get 4 Will forms and attorney's informative book. $1.50 FREE—Personal assets record, executor's duties. Legal Forms Company, Dept. 25, 1830 Guardian Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

SPONSOR a Spanish-American child in New Mexico. Need is desperate. Correspondence. $180 per year. Futures for Children, 5612 Parkston Rd., Washington, D. C. 20016.

ALPHAPHONE® headset—brainwave trainer. Free literature. Aquarius Electronics, Box 627-Q, Mendocino, California 95460.

BLOW YOURSELF UP! 1½' x 2' poster of anyone. Send returned snapshot $3.00. Pierpoint Products, Box 678, Inglewood, California 90307.

HANDWRITING ANALYSIS IN DEPTH, $10.00 and sample to Elisabeth King, 41 E. 29th Street, New York 10016.

SLEEP-LEARNING: HYPNOTISM! Strange catalogue free. Autosuggestion, Box 24—NR, Olympia, Washington.

PENFRIENDS. For free information write: Papyrus, Box 458NE, Winston-Salem, N.C. 27102.

THE JESUS BOARD. Discover why corrupt 15th century monks found this dice game irresistible, even after it was banned by the pope in 1458. Gamble with metal ducats on a fascinating 8" x 8" hardwood board of arcane medieval design, beautifully silk screened in five colors. Being a monk, or corrupt, is no prerequisite. $8 ppd. Erzbergen-St. Susse Co., 24 Teatown Road, Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y. 10520.

CIGARS—MISS YOUR HAVANA CIGARS? New Havana Seed tobacco lets you enjoy the old Havana flavor. Free brochure—write AFCO CIGARS, P.O. Box 5111, Tampa, Florida 33605.

Personals

ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS without exception. The right of each adult human to own his or her own body is the paramount moral law, without exception. AAAL, P.O. Box 36122, Los Angeles, California 90036.

Campaign '72

THE MAIN OBSTACLE TO VOTING is registration. Send your tax-exempt donation to The Student Vote Inc. 43 Ivy Street, S.E., Washington, D. C. 20003.

McGOVERN—MAKE AMERICA HAPPEN AGAIN serial button $3, 2/$5 (some low numbers $5). Mobile $2 (several autographed, make offer). Other items 3/$1. Proceeds to campaign. McGovern Committee, P.O. Box 472, Vermillion, SD 57069.

ONLY OKLAHOMA McGOVERN BUTTON of campaign. Authentic collectors item. Limited. 3 inches. "A President for The People." $6. Paul Cardin, Box 60694, Oklahoma City, Okla. 73118.

Peace Personals

CHRISTMAS CARDS: proceeds go for medical aid for Asian Victims of the Indochina war. For brochure write: Arizonans for Peace, 1414 S. McAllister, Tempe, Ariz. 85281.

PATCHES & APPLIQUE (over 200), POSTERS (over 275, many anti-war), BUTTONS (135), BUMPER STICKERS (50) and other peace items. Wholesale & retail. Catalogue with Pictures 25¢ (refund 1st order). BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, California 94103.

Have Something to Sell?

Write your own classified for just $6.00

For only 60¢ per word your 10 word classified ad will reach more than 400,000 readers. There is no limit in length so be as prolific as your budget allows. Use the form below to send us your order.

Please run the enclosed advertisement _____ times in THE NEW REPUBLIC. Advance payment of $_____ is enclosed.

_____

_____

_____

(See rates next page)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Peace Personals

BUMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS, Low-cost, custom made advertising for your Business, Special Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE! Please state intended use for appropriate samples. Write for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. REFLECTIVE ADVERTISING, INC., Dept. NR, 8551 Page Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone (314) 423-5495.

Literature

30% DISCOUNT ON NEW BOOKS LISTING FOR $10 OR MORE. 25% off those under $10. Add 39¢ handling. BOOKQUICK, B-6, Roseland, NJ 07068.

"TROLLS of NORWAY"—beautiful book in color. Postpaid—$2.00. Arthur (Grandpa) Stavig, 3821-NE, 120th, Seattle, Washington 98125.

FREE DISCUSSION OF SMOKING AND HEALTH MEANS TELLING ALL SIDES. Send for free booklet, "The Cigarette Controversy," Dept. TNR, The Tobacco Institute, 1776 K Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20006.

ABBE AND BENET, by George Abbe. $3.00. Rat & Mole Press, P.O. Box 111, Amherst, Mass. 01002.

FREE BOOK, Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

Stamps

RED CHINA FIRST ASIAN TABLE TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS STAMPS SET. 1972 new issue. Only $1.00! Money order or check airmail, Lou's, Dept. NRC11, P.O. Box K-1457 Hongkong.

Authors

PUBLISH YOUR OWN BOOK. We print few as 200 copies paperback, hard cover, pamphlets. Quality, economy, and cooperation. FREE Details. Graphic-copy, Box 285R, Floral Park, New York 11011.

WRITERS—"UNSALABLE" BOOKMANUSCRIPT? Try AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52nd Street, New York City 10022.

Schools

EARN COLLEGE DEGREES at home. Many subjects. Florida State Christian University, P.O. Box 1674, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33302.

OPEN COMMUNITY SCHOOL—An alternative country boarding school where freedom is encouraged in an atmosphere of adult responsibility and concern. Children learn to trust, love and respect both themselves and others through learning and playing together and in sharing the responsibility of freedom with adults. The children choose from a rich curriculum of academics as well as arts, crafts, music, organic gardening, animals, drama, pottery, riding, photography, camping, etc. Accepting ages 6-16. For brochure: Open Community School, Box 305R, Claverack, N.Y. 12513, (518) 851-3311.

Foreign Studies

MEET RUSSIANS FACE-TO-FACE on 3-week non-political non-profit exchange visits to the USSR. Open to qualified Americans, all ages, occupations. Departures June through December. Write-Wire-Phone Citizen Exchange Corps, Dept. NR, 10 West 46th Street, New York, New York 10036 (212) 581-8113.

Employment Opportunities

WORK IN DEVELOPING MEXICO. Rapid advancement, negligible taxes, inexpensive entertainment, pleasant living, peace. List of 200 United States, international, Mexican companies. Immigration procedure, $4.00. Infomex, NR1271, 1923-A Ojeman Ave., Houston, Texas 77055.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 889-N, Belmont, California 94002.

Business Opportunities

FOR SALE—MEAT PROCESSING PLANT fully equipped and wholesale food distribution business. Located in the heart of growing resort area. Homemade ice cream store fully equipped and three bedroom apartment on the property. For details write: New Republic Box 6330.

Spare Time

STUFF ENVELOPES. Average $25.00 Hundred. Immediate earnings. Beginner's Kit, $1 (refundable). Lewcard, Box T39NR, Brea, Calif. 92621.

HOW TO MAKE MONEY Writing Short Paragraphs! I tell you what to write, where and how to sell, and supply lists of editors buying from beginners. Small checks can add up to worthwhile extra income. Write to sell right away. Send for free facts, BARRETT, Dept. C-456-N, 6216 P. Clark, Chicago 60660.

Property—Sale/Rent

200 ACRES UNSPOILED WILDERNESS partly fronting on 40 acre pond. 1800 Colonial, 8 rooms, 3 fireplaces, 2 baths, huge barn. Comfort, beauty, serenity. 90 miles Boston, 300 miles New York City. $130,000. Box 114, Barnstead, New Hampshire 03218.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 Acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U. S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-SM, Washington, D. C. 20036

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Suburban living, superior schools, near universities, integrated neighborhoods. Contact Shaker Communities, 3494 Lee Road, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120, (216) 751-2155

Vacations/Travel

KAUAI, HAWAII. Condominium. On beach, Wailua Bay. Across Coco Palms Resort. Sleeps five. Excellent view, surf, pool, golf. $175. week. Ferreira, 1401 Cowper, Palo Alto, Calif. 94301. (415) 326-8883.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying freighters. TravLtips, 40-21 J Bell, Bayside, New York 11361.

Gourmet/Cookery

WINE & HONEY CURED, smoked pheasant. Unique, exotic. Satisfaction guaranteed. $12.60 postpaid east of Mississippi, $11.70 west. D/D RANCH, DeBeque, Colorado 81630.

Arts and Crafts

PATCHES FOR YOUR CHILD! Created by three young teachers. 50 colorful patches of assorted shapes, patterns, textures, sizes. Teaches form, color, feel. Make collages, mobiles, masks, etc. Idea booklet included. Comes in re-usable country-print drawstring bag. $3.50. Add 48¢ postage. Write INDOOR FUN STORE, 743B Polk, Port Townsend, Wash. 98368.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, mod, colorful, unusual, Christocentric. Send 35¢ for 16 samples or $1.50 for 16 samples with envelopes. Seminary Press, Dept. NR, Box 16032, St. Louis, Missouri 63105.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Box 28F, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

Music

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Maryland.

BURTON HARPSICHORDS—Professional instrument in kit form, Burton Jacks (patented) $195.00 to $650.00. Write Herbert W. Burton, 917 "O" Street, Box 80222 (N), Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

EASY TO PLAY AND MAKE. Quality instruments and kits: Dulcimers ($20 up), Psalteries, Banjos, Thumb Pianos; books, records, HERE, Inc., #N, 410 Cedar Ave., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404.

CLASSIFIED RATES

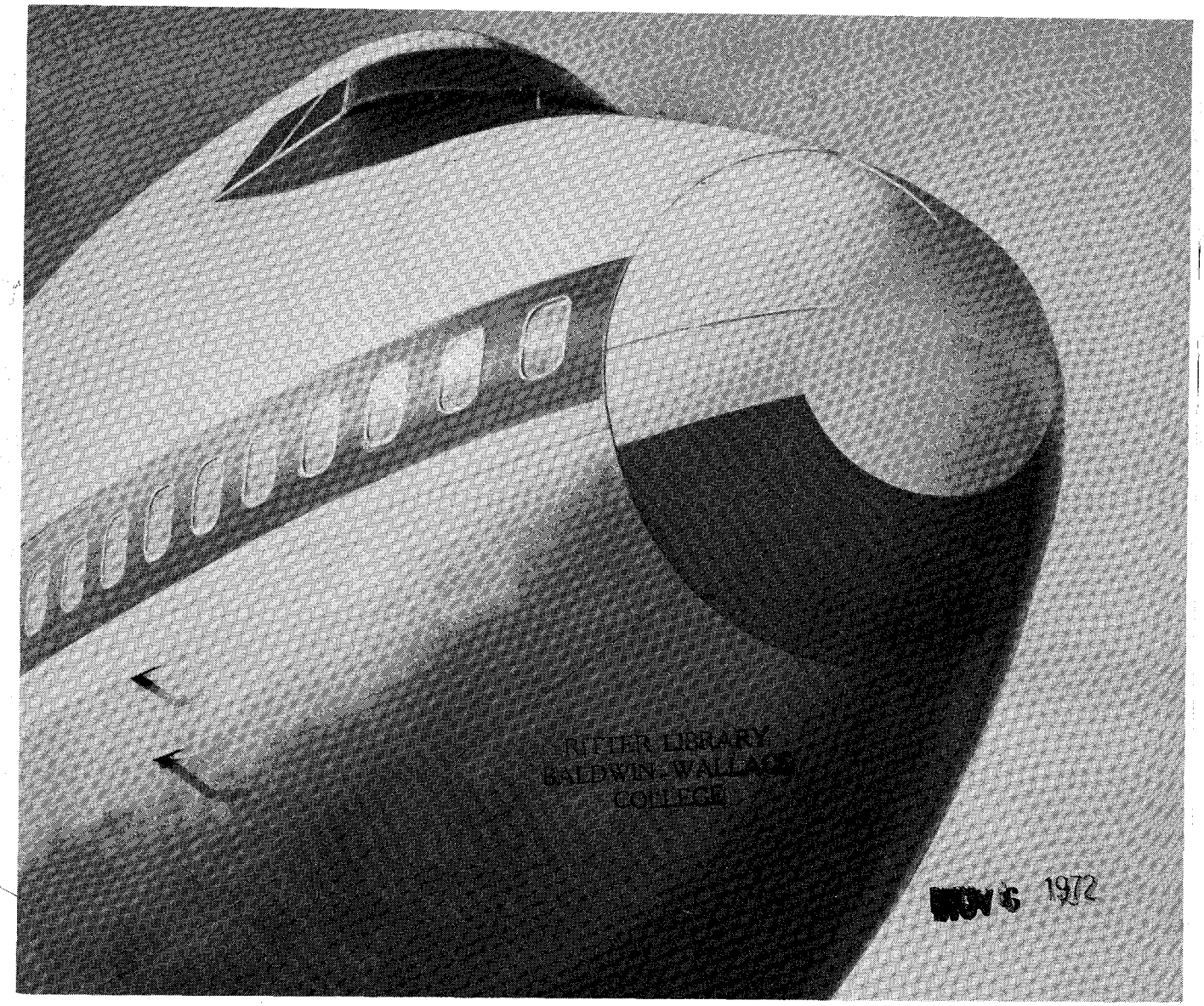
Per word (single insertion) ..... 60¢
Per word 6 times in one contract year ..... 55¢
Per word 12 times in one contract year ..... 50¢
Per word 24 times in one contract year ..... 45¢
Per word 48 times in one contract year ..... 40¢

Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

24 & 48 Insertions Billed Monthly with One Month's Payment in Advance

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.
Washington, D. C. 20036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE
NOV 6 1972

Hitting history right on the nose.

The wide-body jet is more than just a bigger airplane. It's also the right idea at the right time.

First of all, it's more spacious and comfortable. That's something every passenger wants. It has engines that are quieter and cleaner-burning. That's something every citizen wants.

But most important of all, it's here when history needs it.

Over the next 10 years, the volume of air travel will almost triple. As the more efficient wide-body jets are fully phased in, they'll absorb that extra traffic smoothly because each of them does the work of two or three older jets.

The big new planes—the 747, DC-10, and L-1011—will assure you the continuing advances in speed, comfort, safety and convenience that you've always expected of us. What's more, they'll help keep the cost of air travel at a bargain level.

But to accomplish all this takes money—a $6-billion commitment so far. And the money depends on earnings. Yet in only one year since 1961 have the major airlines earned what the Civil Aeronautics Board has determined to be a "fair and reasonable" return. And most years they haven't come near that mark.

Even with the 2.7 percent fare increase recently granted by the CAB, airline earnings this year are expected to be less than one-third of the CAB standard.

How can we maintain the pace of progress you're used to? You can help by understanding the challenges and problems. For facts about the airline industry, write: Air Transport Association of America, Dept. 106, 1709 New York Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

The Airlines of America

The Shortest Distance Between People

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED